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New Masses

APRIL 23, 1935

The Dreiser Letters

IN ITS issue of April 17, the Nation published an astonishing correspondence between Theodore Dreiser and Hutchins Hapgood under the title "Is Theodore Dreiser Anti-Semitic?" The correspondence consisted of an exchange of letters written between Oct. 30, 1933 and Feb. 28, 1934. Mr. Dreiser's letters lent support to the anti-semitic propaganda which, through the activities of fascist groups, is making swift headway in the United States. They gave utterance to confusion on issues basic to the life of the working class, the Jews, Negroes and other national minorities. To hear Mr. Dreiser's voice raised in chorus with the crew of Hitler, Rosenberg and Goebbels, to hear him speak in tones all too similar to those of Pelley, Gulden, the Ku Klux Klan and others who aspire to lead the American Black Hundreds on to pogroms, was a profound shock to THE NEW MASSES. Our first reaction was one of indignation, almost of disbelief. We remembered the Dreiser who has defended foreign-born prisoners, led a delegation to Harlan, Kentucky, to investigate strike conditions, fought for Tom Mooney and was active against war and fascism. As we go to press Mr. Dreiser is being interviewed by representatives of THE NEW MASSES, and further discussions have been arranged. The interview and the full statement of THE NEW MASSES' position will appear in the next issue. Meantime Mr. Dreiser tells us that his consent to the publication of the letters was given to Mr. Hapgood a year ago, and only on condition that he be allowed a final answer. Since then, Mr. Dreiser has not heard from Mr. Hapgood concerning the letters, his request for a final statement was ignored and the letters published without notification to him or so much as a by-your-leave.

The Easter Egg

Angelo Herndon in Court

ANGELO HERNDON, the Negro youth under sentence of eighteen to twenty years on the chain-gang in Georgia, sat in the Supreme Court at Washington April 12 and heard the attorneys argue his appeal before the elderly judges. The young Communist is condemned to worse than death because he possessed a few books and copies of The Daily Worker, and used them in organizing white and Negro sharecroppers. This in Georgia is a crime of "insurrection," punishable by execution in some cases, under a slave law passed in 1861 and technically amended in 1866. It is the parent of the whole spawn of modern criminal syndicalist and sedition laws. The attorney for the state of Georgia, Mr. Walter Lecraw, made capital of the occasion to parade all the horrors of Southern prejudice, the war, secession, the "Niggers," the Red scare, the "Northern agitators," and the "hand of Moscow." "Maybe when they say to seize the land and give it to the Niggers, maybe they don't mean force and violence," he declaimed. Photostatic copies of *"The Communist Position on the Negro Question,"* and of pages of The Daily Worker were used to bring shudders to the courtroom. There are eighteen other persons under indictment awaiting trial, whose cases depend upon the outcome of the Herndon case. Not only are the rights of Negroes involved, but the basic rights of free speech, assemblage, and the right to organize and to demand relief. The workers know the profound importance of the Herndon case, and in twenty-three days last year they raised nearly $19,000 dollars to bail Herndon and carry on the fight. The old Supreme Court is being shocked out of its somnolence. Really human issues are coming before it, but only because millions insist on being heard in the courts, and continue to protest and demonstrate for the rights of the majority. There should

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be no let-up in pressure in the Herndon case.

The Rubber Barons

ON THE heels of statements by union leaders that nothing could stop the rubber strike in Akron set for April 15, comes the announcement that these same leaders have signed an agreement with government officials and the heads of the rubber companies to postpone and if possible call off the strike. William Green has once more served as pinch-hitter for the anti-labor policies of the administration by endorsing the new pact which provides for the recognition of the company union. Just a year ago Green sold out the auto workers; now he has agreed to all the compromises demanded by the owners of the rubber trusts. On their side, the companies give up none of their practices of financing company unions: they continue to refuse recognition to bona fide trade unions; to shelve the workers' demand for an election to determine what organization shall represent them in collective bargaining; and, further, the workers pledge themselves not to strike pending court appeal. The usual "neutral, fact-finding" board is set up, the same sort of board that broke the auto strike and attempted to sell out the West Coast marine strike. The old faces pop up again—Edward McGrady, spokesman of Madam Perkins and skilled in every last-minute trick of betraying workers, is active in Akron. The "leadership" of the A.F. of L. functions in its inimitable way by selling out its membership and frustrating moves that would bring real improvement in working conditions and wages. They cooperate with company officials, and sign "agreements" which supposedly provide for collective bargaining but which in reality mean disruption of the organized labor movement.

The Gallup Massacre

TWO miners are dead and forty-eight workers in Gallup, New Mexico, are charged with the murder of Sheriff Carmichael, killed during a demonstration against evictions on April 4. Thirty-two of the prisoners, denied the right of counsel and ignorant of technical court procedure, mistakenly waived preliminary hearings. They have been rushed to the state penitentiary at Santa Fe to be held there without bail. The shooting—which resulted in the death of two workers and the wounding of many others—occurred when a group of unemployed came to the trial of three of their leaders. These men had directed the fight against evictions of miners from homes which they owned but which were located on Rockefeller property. The Rockefeller interests had "condemned" the houses, of course without paying for them. When the miners reoccupied their property, the leaders were promptly arrested. Trial was expected on April 4, with a large crowd waiting. But for some unexplained reason the prisoners were abruptly removed from the courtroom to the jail at the rear.

AS THE crowd surged round the building, Sheriff Carmichael drew his gun and in the shooting that followed, he was killed, possibly by a bullet from one of his own deputies. His death served as an excuse for "legal" terror against miners. An old frontier law was resurrected, making it possible to charge with murder any person present at the slaying. Vigilante terror swept through the little mining town of Gallup: the sheriff deputized and armed inexperienced boys with instructions to "keep order." Mexicans faced deportation. Of the fifty-two under arrest, three were released because of mass protest, and the fourth died recently under circumstances which led to rumors that he was put out of the way to prevent his talking to defense lawyers. The arrested were picked as usual from the leaders of the Communist Party, the Unemployed Council and members of the United Mine Workers of America. The International Labor Defense and the American Civil Liberties Union have already succeeded in forcing a new preliminary hearing before the trial. The defense, handicapped by lack of funds, fighting a lynch press, has appealed for national protest against another obvious frame-up designed to break a militant union and to outlaw the Communist Party.

Stresa and Poland

THE three powers have met at Stresa and returned to their respective countries, though to judge by the statement they issued after the adjournment of the conference they merely sat around twiddling their thumbs and telling stories to each other. All they have let us know is that they are all agreed on a tut-tut policy of resisting future treaty violations. So far as an Eastern non-aggression pact is concerned the statement slides over it with the phrase "that negotiations should be pursued for the development which is desired in the security of Eastern Europe." Nothing could be so close-mouthed or so suspiciously vague as the resolution and there is not the slightest doubt that the diplomaticos are returning home with something more in their portfolios than their patently empty statement might lead one to believe. MacDonald and Sir John Simon are at this time particularly interested in saying nothing which might affect the approaching British elections adversely. Meanwhile the people of the world can only guess blindly whether their diplomats and their rulers are leading them toward war or toward peace.

HARDLY had the delegates at Stresa returned to their respective countries than violence and the threat of war flared up anew in the Polish Corridor, the most dangerous zone in all Europe. Ever since the Danzig elections, when the Nazi's received only 60 percent of the votes, the Poles have been subjected to attacks and persecution at the hands of the Nazis. There has been a tacit agreement between Berlin and Warsaw for some time and the Germans in the Corridor have been a privileged minority. Early this week when a Nazi speaker attempted to defend the Nazi government of Danzig he was set upon by groups of Poles and in the ensuing riot one German was killed and several Poles were injured. The outbreaks against the Nazis spread and as we go to press there are signs that it will continue. Anti-Nazi feeling has broken out in the Baltic and Silesian coalfields and several demonstrations have been reported in Upper Silesia. The Polish Corridor is the tinder box which at any moment may set all Europe aflame, a fact which should have made it all the more imperative for the delegates at Stresa to have come to some agreement on an Eastern Locarno to protect the continent from being plunged into war.

Sharecroppers

HERE are the headlines: "A.A.A. Piles Misery on Share Croppers—Cotton Program Cuts Their Meager Incomes as Federal Cash Benefits Landlords." No, you did not guess it this time. They are not from the workers' press but from The New York Times, page 6, April 15. The Times article, by F. R. Daniell, concerns the cotton regions of Northeastern Arkansas. It refers to the "economic maladjustments

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that have existed for generations," and shows that under the Triple A, while the "landlords who control not only the sources of wealth in this area, but dominate its social and political life as well" have grown fat on crop reduction benefits, the 80 or 90 percent, most of them white share-croppers, have drawn only unemployment, shrunken incomes and a lowered standard of living. "Attempts to better their lot through organization in the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union," says Mr. Daniell, "have taught them that they have few rights under the laws of Arkansas and no more security under the New Deal than they have had in the past. Scores have been evicted or 'run off the place' for union activity, and masked night riders have spread fear among union members, both white and Negro. In some communities the most fundamental rights of free speech and assemblage have been abridged." THE NEW MASSES has nothing to compare with the huge news-gathering apparatus of our esteemed contemporary, The Times, yet we have known these facts for some years. Now, at last, it seems that they are "fit to print."

More Housing Promises

LOW rental housing is once more the conjuring game of the Roosevelt administration. Some $450,000,000 have been allotted for this purpose in connection with the recently passed Work Relief Bill. Since Roosevelt has made promises to re-house workers in the past, it is well to see what they are likely to end in this time. Under the P.W.A., $150,000,000 were "earmarked" for low-rental housing. But after almost two years, only about $11,000,000 of this sum have been spent on such projects as the hosiery workers' housing development in Philadelphia, where rentals are over $10 per room per month. Indeed, so little use could be found for this P.W.A. housing fund, in spite of the great need for decent shelter, that it was possible to transfer $93,000,000 of it to the F.E.R.A. several weeks ago.

THE greatest obstacle in the path of adequate workers' housing is the fact that the Washington wizards, through their wholesale rehabilitation of the mortgage institutions, have become the greatest mortgagees in the country. As the holder of a lien on every fourth home in the country, the government is naturally reluctant to disturb realty values through the competitive construction of low-rental housing. This being the situation, what chance is there that the Work Relief Bill will clear slums or re-house workers? What does it matter that the Harlem "riot" investigation discloses the most wretched housing conditions imaginable? Because of poverty, two, three and often four families are herded together in condemned, unsanitary, fire-trap apartments, the rentals of which are almost half their incomes or relief allowances. So crowded are these Harlem slums that beds are frequently used in shifts. In the cities, towns and even the rural communities of the entire country, these facts have been known officially for years. The P.W.A. did less than nothing to correct the condition. The $450,000,000 of the Work Relief Bill cannot be expected to do much more, but even if the administration decided to build low-rental housing for the masses, the entire sum allotted for the country would not clear the Harlem slums.

Marine Workers Fight

ONE year ago, the maritime unions tied up the West Coast from San Diego to Vancouver. Now, as one result of the strike, all marine unions are organized into a rank and file controlled Federation. As this is written, the Federation is meeting in San Francisco to discuss a strike in support of the striking tanker seamen. The marine workers are aroused because shipowners have refused to grant collective bargaining. At the same time, the San Pedro local of the International Seamen's Union called for the expulsion of the union's district treasurer, Paul Scharrenberg, who is also secretary of the California Federation of Labor. It was Scharrenberg who demanded imperialist war with Japan "so that sailors could get what they want." It was Scharrenberg who tried to sell out the West Coast marine strike, and has consistently functioned as spokesman for the shipowners in opposition to his own union. As the longshoremen exposed Ryan last year, the seamen are exposing Scharrenberg. Not only on the West Coast are marine workers preparing for action. I.S.U. members have been refused entrance to their union hall in Philadelphia and union bureaucrats have cancelled the closed port condition established by the local. Hiring through the union hall is abolished, and official gangsters occupy the hall by armed force. In Brooklyn, Scandinavian maritime workers have forced the S.S. Ankara to concede wage increases after a two-day strike.

Students Hit War

THE student strike against war swept through the schools and colleges on April 12. Hardly a region was spared, though the terrific shock

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of finding young people not only awake to the war danger but ready to arm against it caused the various administrations deep anxiety. Backed by powerful Boards of Trustees, university authorities dismissed and arrested those participating and distributing strike calls. Departments of Education tried various obstructive tactics; nevertheless, over 125,000 students left their classes at the same hour in every section of the nation and demonstrated against imperialist war. A large proportion took the Oxford oath: "We pledge not to support the government of the United States in any war it may conduct." The strike included all creeds and all shades of political beliefs. Expulsions and suspensions, even organized violence—police clubs and fire hose, beatings and terror—were unable to halt the demonstration. In Los Angeles, two high-school girls were clubbed unconscious by the Red Squad. In this issue of THE NEW MASSES is an account of the strike by James Wechsler, editor of The Columbia Spectator and one of the leaders of the strike movement.

Joys of Depression

THE blessings of the "greatest depression in our nation's history" are often overlooked, according to ex-Governor John G. Winant of New Hampshire. We quote from his eloquent paean in praise of economic crisis:

> The unemployed have at least been saved from occupational hazards and from overwork. Those on part time have had more leisure and more open air and sunshine. Others have benefitted by the necessity of eating and drinking more sparingly. As a nation we suffer more from the excessives of life than from restraint.

A man sitting idly at home or walking the streets in a vain search for work must take great pleasure from the leisure that allows him and his family to starve without effort. The farmer, dispossessed by mortgage companies and banks, the city worker on relief below subsistence standards, must marvel at the freedom that allows him to breathe all the air he wants and bask in sunshine in a tenement, or before a cold stove on a bankrupt farm. Winant correctly points out that families on $10 a week relief need not worry about over-eating; but he forgets other advantages of the industrial collapse—the lack of sufficient clothing or medical attention; leisure to watch undernourished children grow hollow-cheeked and the inability to provide them with proper education; the abolition of hope and the substitution of despair. Ex-Governor Winant is a great seer: he takes the misery of millions quite stoically from his easy chair in the comfortable milieu of his class. Along with Hearst and other patriots, he points with pride to our declining economy and pities the 160,000,000 people who live under a socialist order in the Soviet Union, where everyone has basic security.

The Deportation Drive

THE prominence of John Strachey threw into bold relief the high-handed procedure of the United States Immigration Bureau, but few of the millions who read about that disgraceful business know anything of the countrywide terrorization and secret hustlings out of the country which foreign-born workers endure every week. The weapon of deportation, of course, is primarily used as an anti-labor measure, and often at the personal instigation of employers, or of community officials closely allied to employers. In a single week in April, Paul George, a food-worker, active in the union at the Caruso Restaurant in New York City, was taken from his bed on the night of April 4, by an Immigration Inspector who ransacked his room, confiscated papers and locked up Mr. George on Ellis Island. In Gallup, New Mexico, where seven workers were shot down and fifty-two are held for a single murder, probably resulting from a deputy's bullet, five men are held for deportation. On April 9, five Filipino workers were deported on an Army transport bound for the Philippines. One was picked up in the Harlem outbreak in March, and District Attorney Dodge proposes to deport 25,000 foreign born from Harlem probably in order that relief administrators may have more money to give themselves bigger salaries. Meantime hearings are being held on the Kerr Bill and Dies Bill, both giving broad powers to Immigration officials to deport non-citizens without warrant or the semblance of a hearing. One hundred and seven deportation bills have been introduced into the present session of Congress at the instigation of employers or employers' associations.

Pope Blesses Imperialism

THE role of the Church in capitalist imperialism is strikingly illustrated by a recent editorial on "The Colonizing Idea" in Osservatore Romano, official newspaper of the Vatican. With the most transparent naivete the Pope's mouthpiece begins by affirming the right of nations of superior civilization to colonize those of inferior civilization, and the duty of these latter to submit to peaceful penetration. While not mentioning Italy's designs on Abyssinia, the article goes on to state: "The great material riches that God has distributed on earth to give well-being and peace to mankind must be placed at the disposition of all. They must not be let to lie in a state of perfect abandonment, thus remaining almost totally unproductive for the peoples who possess them and for the entire world." Colonization, however, must not "be considered as a problem for the employment of brute force, but as a problem always of pacific penetration, of persuasion, of perennial conquest of wills and souls, albeit most laborious and slow. This is why, and only why, we feel its stupendous beauty and inextinguishable fascination." To Mussolini and his fascist war-mongers the idea of raping Abyssinia is also one of "stupendous beauty" and "inextinguishable fascination." Of course, if the Abyssinians don't submit to pacific persuasion, then they will be responsible for provoking the fascists to violence!

Socialists Hedge Again

NORMAN THOMAS, in his reply to the Communist Party's appeal for a united May Day demonstration of the Communist and Socialist Parties, presents a sorry spectacle. Indeed, dualism, vacillation and all the hemming and hawing accompanying such a psychological state are a little incongruous in a "militant" leader. Yet his perplexities are real and ought not to be minimized. And it is all the fault of the Communists! Consider: after referring in their appeal to "the sharp attacks against the working-class movement, against the unions . . . the rapidly growing fascist danger . . . the threatening outbreak of a new imperialist war and intervention against the Soviet

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Union" . . . the Communists innocently pose the question whether it would not be "deeply regretful," whether it would not be a "crime," if "in such a situation, all the forces of the workers are not united into one of the mightiest demonstrations which our country ever saw."

On the face of it, such a question appears not unreasonable. But Mr. Thomas obviously has found it a little embarrassing. Has he not openly and fearlessly declared himself a "militant," and is that not enough? Is it not a bit inconsiderate, indelicate, yes, downright ungentlemanly of the Communists to suggest that now, with the danger of fascism and war, is the time for "militant" words to be translated into militant deeds? Don't they know, don't they understand that militant deeds are something for which a "militant" Socialist leader has a constitutional aversion?

"We urge you," writes Earl Browder for the Central Committee of the Communist Party, "with all the seriousness which the situation demands, not to shift aside these proposals as you have done in the past years. The working class would have to pay dearly for a continuation of your present policy. There is still time to prevent the Hitlerization of the United States. We urgently request your answer." The Communists urgently request an answer! But what answer is there? Suddenly the "militant" leader is struck by an idea!

Looking into his complex self he realizes that his attitude on the question is irreconcilably dual: He is both and simultaneously *for* and *against!* Why not formulate his answer in such a way as to convey to the importunate Communists and the American masses all the subtleties of his "for-and-against" position? The result is a masterpiece of forthright statement:

> Under our rule of procedure the question of any kind of united demonstration on May 1 must be taken up in the locality, which locality must get approval for any united demonstration from the State Committee of the Party. I am sure that the N.E.C. of the Party will adhere to this reasonable scheme. We are interested in getting the widest possible united front on May Day with labor, to which effort some of your Communist tactics have added unnecessary difficulties.

It turns out, then, that Mr. Thomas had been clamoring for a united front these many months, but the crude tactics of the Communists — their impatience, their insistence, their over-eagerness— "have added unnecessary difficulties!"

But, alas, Mr. Thomas is beginning to discover in his own ranks evidences of moods and manners distressingly reminiscent of those of the Communists. Only a couple of days ago the Revolutionary Policy Committee of the Socialist Party in an official evaluation of N.E.C. (composed of "militants" and headed by Mr. Thomas) indulged in a bit of vigorous, ungentlemanly speaking. They use such words as "municipal socialism," "reformism," "political opportunism," "crawling, milk-and water-action."

"It is high time," they say, "to realistically evaluate the pompous and fantastic claim that the Party (Socialist) . . . has taken a sharp turn to the left!" The N.E.C.'s decision "can be classified as nothing short of heresy-hunting insofar as it attempts to carry its task of hunting down those who recognize that the class struggle is something more than a tea party." The Socialist Revolutionary Policy Committee speaks of the "Red-baiting" activity of Mr. Thomas' N.E.C., and points out that the N.E.C. "lacks any sense of decisiveness except when confronted with action against the revolutionary elements in the party." In the N.E.C.'s "approach to the working class as a whole there is a dilly-dallying that is sapping the very life out of the party," complain the critics who are disgusted with a policy whereby the Socialist Party is placed in a position where it "must not initiate action, must not be in advance of the working class, but must become the tail-end to the motion of the masses."

How much more patient and really reasonable are the Communists. Instead of being discouraged by Mr. Thomas' evasive reply and vague accusations, the Central Committee of the Communist Party, through Earl Browder, on April 12, once more appealed to Norman Thomas:

> Dear Comrade Thomas:
>
> Acknowledging your letter of April 10, we note your declaration: "We are interested in getting the widest possible united front on May Day with labor." This is very good.
>
> But more must be done for this May First. And more could be done by you.
>
> We propose that you, or the N.E.C. of the Socialist Party, urgently direct all local and state organizations to do everything possible to achieve a broad united May Day demonstration together with the Communist Party and all other labor organizations.
>
> Of greatest importance is the question of a united May Day demonstration in New York. Remember last year. Two big demonstrations were held—one marching under the banner of the Socialist Party, the other marching under the banner of the Communist Party. In these demonstrations hundreds of thousands of workers marched a few streets apart, with police lines between them. This can and must be avoided this year. The Communists are ready to overcome all difficulties which may stand in the way of the organization of one mighty demonstration of your Party and ours, together with all other labor organizations.
>
> Can you for one moment doubt that such a needed demonstration would bring together three or four times as many workers, intellectuals, white-collar workers, as last year? Can anyone doubt that such a demonstration would be greeted with tremendous enthusiasm by New York workers, and the workers throughout the country?
>
> Can anyone doubt that such a demonstration could be a most effective answer to the bosses' drive against unions, the working class, against fascism and war?
>
> We know there are differences between our parties. What does this matter if there is a possibility to unite to a maximum for the cause of labor, on the immediate, burning issues, for the cause of prevention of war, for the cause of prevention of fascism?
>
> We have no doubt that if you and all the leaders and functionaries in the Socialist Party would put their whole strength, based on a deep conviction that such a united front is necessary, behind the effort to achieve such united action, it would be realized.
>
> One united May Day demonstration throughout the country, and especially in New York, would help to sweep aside the feeling of antagonism between the different sections of workers, and would be a tremendous step forward toward the creation of a permanent united front of American labor.
>
> Please let us know at once what steps you are ready to take. You may state that the New York organization is in the hands of the "old guard" and that you do not control the New York City Committee. But surely nothing prevents you from using your authority in publicly coming out for one united May Day. Will you deny that this would have great influence among tens of thousands of trade unionists? There is no doubt that such a call on your part would be welcomed by the majority of the New York Socialists who favor one united May Day.
>
> For our part, we are ready to meet and discuss all measures in an effort to achieve a practical agreement on a united front on May Day.
>
> EARL BROWDER.

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Letters from America

I AM a white-robed devil setting loose the first dogs of war. I am a very young woman and a humble home relief investigator but I visit the homes of starving, ill-clad families to ferret out the raw-boned young man, eligible for enlistment in a government subsidized camp that will teach him to stuff cotton in his ears after he loads a cannon, that will teach him to slaughter other creatures in foreign lands with arms, legs, nose, eyes, ears, and a heart like himself, that will warn him to shoot before he is shot. I say to the youth's mother, "Your boy is getting restless at home because he has nothing to do. His friends in the city are forming gangs that may lead him into crime. The city is an unhealthy place. If he goes to camp, his play and his work will be supervised by an understanding counselor. He will be kept busy cutting trees, building roads, plowing through stream beds. He will grow taller, stronger, and healthier. He can even study if he wants to. He will feel like a man when he knows that he is sending twenty-five dollars a month home to his parents. Don't let your selfish love keep him with you."

The mother with the tired eyes and calloused hands looks at her boy with pride. He shall build his country, support his home, and be a man. She has not heard the real words. I cannot say to her, "Your son is restless in the city because he is denied the birthright to work for a living, to marry and have children. He has joined a gang and wants to become a leader in crime because his manly ambition is thwarted in idleness. The city is unhealthy because he sleeps in a bed with his two brothers and there isn't a window in his bedroom, because there's no hot water to bathe, because he eats bread when he's hungry and not meat and vegetables, because he hasn't a warm overcoat. If he goes to camp his thoughts and attitudes will be directed by an officer on the payroll of the War Department of the United States Government. He will love and worship the power that bleeds his family. He will know hatred of alien peoples, and of people within his own nation who would help him. As in his camp, strategically situated, he cuts trees, builds roads, and plows through stream beds to make routes for troops when war is declared, so his manhood will be cut, built, and plowed to fit him for march on those routes." I cannot say that. The state doesn't like the sight of a mother with angry eyes and clenched fists.

For the boy I call forth poetic powers to describe the places he will see—mountains of Tennessee, Golden Gate of California, Rockies of Colorado. There will be campfires, boxing, and songs. Even Freedom! He can visit the neighboring towns. (Brothels there are out of the depression.) He can watch Indians, and hunt bears. I say all this with half an eye on the interest of his younger brother who will soon be eligible for enlistment. I overdo myself, for the sisters become jealous. Why isn't there a camp for girls? Should I answer that they are needed at home for breeding purposes!

This nation is wise beyond its years. While Germany and Italy openly organize Youth Armies and give the kept press a chance to publish pictures of their young men in military uniforms and in schools studying military tactics—this nation calls it the Civilian Conservation Corps and the press gets pictures of foresters, and young men in camp libraries studying literature. It uses social workers—young university graduates — for recruiting officers. I and 4,999 other "home relief investigators" in this city are trained by middle-aged women with gray hair. The latest textbook is a pamphlet distributed by the war department. "We are anxious, as you are," it says, "to make every eligible member of our Home Relief families aware of the opportunity which is now presented to take part in the activities of the Civilian Conservation Corps. "We are anxious, *as you are.*" I too am being conditioned to think as they *will* me to think. Of course I am anxious! Twenty-two million unemployed. Rid the nation of unemployment. Get rid of the unemployed. Send them away to training camps. The government will spend $1,000 a year for each man's keep —$6,000,000 a year allotted to the camps out of the $3,000,000,000 war appropriation. Steel mills will manufacture training cannon. Business will boom about the camps. Send the unemployed out of a barren society. Teach them to kill each other. War will get rid of them. Of course we young college graduates are as anxious as you are!

The enlistment must be quick. There is panic in Washington. "If there is any question," says the pamphlet, ". . . as to the investigator's knowledge of the family make-up, it is imperative that the investigator call at the home." This country can't lose the armament race because of lack in man-power. "7,000 places to be filled by April 1st." There aren't enough strong young men between the ages of 18 and 25. The new age limit is 30. Even that won't be enough. "The regulations for this quota may later be adjusted to include those wishing to re-enlist, and *those above the present age of 30.*" (Be careful of the word *enlist,* oh you Washington Wizards. Foreigners may get breath of your wind. Non-military camps *register* enrollment.)

An underlined warning impels me to swift action and whipped persuasion. "It will be necessary for a visit to be made to every home where there is a member within the age group in order that he may be interviewed as to his willingness to go." I must make him willing. If he is not, what must I believe? Why that the cuss is working! No other excuse. If he is working, his family doesn't need relief. "Your babies will starve, Mrs. Relief Family." He better be willing! "Don't you realize, Mrs. Relief Family, the 'health benefits which the boy receives from the outdoor life?' " Fatherly—the government, calling men, *boys,* with a siren song to kill.

I recruit cannon fodder. Last year at the baccalaureate service of my university I was summoned to go out into the world with kindness and understanding in my heart—to enkindle hope, to maintain peace, to serve humanity. Now I sell the sons and lovers of my sisters in humanity the idea of giving themselves to training for inhumanity. If I can not sell them the idea on its own "merits," I scare them into it by prophesying the skeleton of hunger to their impoverished families. Where's their decency, I taunt? Aren't they getting relief? Aren't they getting something for nothing? The least sacrifice to give the State their lives in return.

I am a very young woman and a humble home relief investigator. I am a white-robed devil setting loose the first dogs of war.

PORTER NILES.

Fifteen Months in the C. C. C.

I SPENT fifteen months in one of Mr. Roosevelt's camps for the rejuvenation of America's youth, supposedly demoralized by the dole. In view of the many garbled reports current concerning the C.C.C., I feel compelled to add an account of my own experiences as a member of Assistant Secretary Woodring's embryo storm troops.

In the first place, none of us who joined realized just what the C.C.C. was or why it was formed. Many joined as a lark—it would be great fun, and if it got too tough you could always "go over the hill." Others needed the dough, while pressure brought to bear by relief authorities caused many to sign up against their better judgement.

"How do they feed you?" That's the first question I always get. There is one word that accurately and adequately describes the food—lousy. Despite the fact that the ration allowance per man per day is 35 cents, there are flop-houses in Pittsburgh that serve better meals than the mess sergeant puts out. One staple you can always depend on getting—beans. It's a poor week when beans aren't served at twelve to fourteen meals. They are always the same, and after you get used to them you don't notice whether they're good

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or bad. You accept them as a matter of course. Breakfast is usually a light meal, and if beans are the main course at dinner and supper the men can be fed with a considerably less expenditure than the allotted 35 cents a day. If anyone ever attempts to tell you that the C.C.C. boys are well fed, ask them why the officers don't eat the same food.

How about the work? At first no one was expected to do any great amount of work. Not for a buck a day. But little by little, bit by bit, the bosses (state foremen) began to put on the screws. Each day we were pushed a little faster and expected to do a bit more than the day before. Rivalries between the crews were encouraged in order to get more roads built, or more brush cut and burned. When I left, the speed-up was just as much a part of the work program of Company 329 as it is in the mills and factories. In order to get more road building done the double shift was inaugurated. One shift gets up at five and starts work at six, working straight through until one in the afternoon. The other shift starts work at 11:30 and works till 6:30 in the evening—without rest, food and sometimes without water. If you think the C.C.C. boys don't earn their $1 a day, take a trip to the South Mountains near Carlisle, Pa., go back in the woods three or four miles some hot July day, and work that second shift by swinging a pick or a twelve-pound sledge continuously for seven hours.

I'll never forget the first strike we had. When we got up the temperature was exactly zero. By the time we were scheduled to go to work it had gone up to eight degrees with a biting cold wind. When the work whistle blew there was plenty of grumbling, but we started over toward the trucks. It was about 100 to 125 yards from the barracks to the state garages, and by the time we reached there every bone was chilled through. Some of the boys hesitated, and began to gather in groups to talk it over. One crew boarded a truck ready to start out to work, but I persuaded them to get off until we decided definitely what to do. The C.O. came hurrying over.

"You boys go to work and we'll bring you in if it gets too cold."

"But Captain, we know it's too damn cold right now; we don't have to go out there and freeze to find it out."

"Yes, yes, I know, but you'll have to go out, boys. We'll decide if it's too cold!"

A small chap spoke up, "The hell with this idea. I'm going back to the barracks. C'mon, let's go!"

A roar of approval went up, and the boys trudged back toward camp. The Captain was dazed, running this way and that trying to get us to listen to "reason."

"Boys, boys, think what you're doing. I'll have to punish you—hold up your pay. You won't be able to go home for New Year's. I'll have to dock you!"

We stayed in the barracks all morning, playing cards, singing, sleeping, writing home. At dinner-time the State Superintendent sent word over that he did not want us in the afternoon as it was too cold, even though the thermometer had gone up to fifteen degrees.

Regardless of how bad the food is, regardless of how miserable working conditions are, every C.C.C. learns one fact early—don't get sick. Why? Because regulations may look very strict in "Happy Days," but in actual practice there is really no care at all given to safe-guarding the health of the boys. Aspirin tablets and salts are the only remedies on hand. Every camp has a doctor, but he's seldom around. The main work is done by two first-aid men—C.C.C.'s whose medical experience, to say the least, is extremely limited. Colds, diarrhea, cuts, bruises, frozen feet in the winter, are perhaps the worst ailments. Pneumonia is also common, resulting directly from poor care given to patients with colds, grippe or other illnesses.

Where is the C.C.C. leading to? It is obvious that the whole idea is patterned after the youth movements of Italy and Germany. Of course it is not as openly fascist as Mussolini's and Hitler's youth programs, but in content it is the same. That is, to build up a reserve army for two purposes: (1) in case of future imperialist war; (2) for immediate use as a strike-breaking agency in the coming struggles between industrialists and the government on one side, and disillusioned but militant labor on the other. A strenuous program must be carried out against the militarization of the C.C.C. camps. A real struggle must be carried on against the principle of the camps themselves. The American working class must be awakened to the fact that it is but a short step from fascist labor camps to concentration camps. We must demand replacement of this semi-fascist institution with jobs at union wages, or REAL unemployment insurance such as is embodied in the Workers' Bill—H.R. 2827. Above all, we must impress upon the workers the need for militant action. When a government, which for years has boasted of the high American standard of living, seriously considers setting a subsistence wage of $50 per month, it is time to answer two questions: Shall we lay down and passively accept such a proposal, or shall we stand up and resist? After living with them for fifteen months, I think I am qualified to answer for my companions in the C.C.C.: "We'll Fight!"

CHARLES NUSSER (age 20).

Letter from an Itinerant Worker

I JOINED the ranks of several thousand unemployed workers floating around Jacksonville and applied to the federal transient bureau for aid. I was sent out to a transient camp about ten miles on the outskirts of Jacksonville, Florida. We had to force ourselves to eat the food particularly after I had walked into the kitchen one day and noticed the following stamped on a can of potatoes, "U. S. Quartermaster 1917." We received for 36 hours a week work the sum of 15 cents, a pair of overalls and the above-described food. A good part of our labor was illegally contracted out to private holdings. The fence surrounding the camp was fifteen feet in height, all barbed wire and maintained by a large force of guards armed with heavy clubs. Two other fellows and myself battled our way through the guards one night, one of the fellows having his head split open by a club. Leaving there we kept on our search for jobs. We were jailed several times and had to break our way out of one of these jails.

I again applied to the relief bureau and was sent to another transient camp. The camp was the same as the other one except that they had more of a speed-up in the work. I succeeded in organizing a bunch of the fellows into an unemployed council. The men were extremely militant and through organization we were able to get better food by disclosing grafting activities.

Coming up out of Mexico I proceeded to California. I went immediately to San Pedro to obtain a berth on a ship. There were none to be had. I decided to go to San Francisco. The strike had started and a good many of us volunteered for picket duty. The unemployed council decided that we should have a sympathy strike with the I.L.A. I was the chairman and suggested that we try to get some of the ships off on strike. The officers had already tried to make some of the crews work cargo. The majority had refused and quit. While we were aboard a ship the captain called for the cops. In the fight that ensued I got a crack on the head with a club. I was arrested and held for seven days and then released. As soon as I got out we tried to approach some more ships, but the cops would not let us near them. By this time the bosses had started bringing in large numbers of scabs including college and high school students. I got a job as a scab myself to get on the docks.

When I had got through with the police and deputies I started speaking to some of the punks. They told me they were scared and could not get away from the docks. Some said that they had been fooled into taking the job and didn't know that they were going to scab. On one of the ships which had the crew working cargo the mate got the men drunk so he could talk to them. Somebody pushed him down a hold and he broke his leg. Another fight started on the dock and I just got away before the cops arrived on the scene. The council then decided to try the ships once more. We hired a boat, as it was the only way we could approach the ships. We succeeded in getting quite a few men to walk off, leaving a good many ships shorthanded and unable to sail.

ALVIN WARREN.

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Coughlin Crusades Against Labor

A. B. MAGIL

THE BATTLE of bareknuckle adjectives, in which Gen. Hugh Johnson, on the one hand, and Huey Long and Father Coughlin, on the other, have gone in for an old-fashioned verbal slugfest, has brought into sharp relief certain major developments in American political life that were previously more or less in the shade. Six weeks before the Johnson blast I pointed out in The Daily Worker (January 24) that a secret alliance had been formed between Father Coughlin and Huey Long. General Johnson has now confirmed it.

While the ether bristles with verbal stinkbombs, it is well to clarify certain matters about Father Coughlin that are not generally known. Specifically, his attitude toward the New Deal and labor.

In the spring of 1934 the automobile workers voted to strike for higher wages, less speedup, union recognition and other demands. Father Coughlin has repeatedly urged workers to organize, and one of the points in his sixteen-point platform calls for "a just and living annual wage." What was his attitude toward a struggle designed to achieve these ends?

On March 25 Coughlin delivered a radio sermon dealing with the strike situation. He declared that "in this struggle for the recognition of labor unions the laborer is absolutely on the side of the angels." But in the next breath he characterized the demands of the American Federation of Labor for union recognition as "nothing but swashbuckling puerilities." He said, moreover, that

> The United States of America is bigger than any American Federation of Labor and is mightier than any automobile industry. The government neither dares permit a strike in Michigan at this moment nor dares sidestep the issue of settlement which has been presented to it. . . . Indecision or inactivity would be an irredeemable step backwards.

The government did act. On the very day when Coughlin was delivering his sermon, perhaps at the moment he was speaking, President Roosevelt, ably assisted by the top leadership of the A.F. of L., broke the back of the auto-strike movement and shackled the workers with an infamous settlement. Under this settlement wages have been cut, speedup has increased, company unionism has flourished and the legitimate trade unions have been weakened.

Did the tragic experiences of the auto workers in the months since the Washington settlement show Father Coughlin the error he had made? On the contrary; opposition to strike is a basic principle of the movement he has launched. "The National Union for Social Justice," he stated on December 2, 1934, "contends that strikes and lockouts are absolutely unnecessary."

As something of a small-scale employer of labor himself, Father Coughlin's own labor policies are illuminating: In 1933 Coughlin began building his new church, whose cost was estimated, originally, as $1,000,000. He employed non-union labor. When the A.F. of L. sent a committee to see him about this, he refused to have anything to do with them. He has continued to use non-union labor at 25 *to 40 percent below trade-union rates* ("a just and living annual wage!"). As a result, the 1934 convention of the A.F. of L. at San Francisco unanimously adopted a resolution, introduced by the International Typographical Union, a large proportion of whose members are Catholics, condemning Coughlin for his anti-labor policies.

The Detroit News of June 28, 1933, in announcing the plans for Coughlin's new church, wrote: "Open-shop methods will be employed. James Little, in charge of the construction work, is quoted in the official statement [issued by Coughlin's office] as saying, 'All mechanics, artisans, craftsmen and laborers on the new shrine will be selected and paid for according to their respective ability without regard for the affiliation or non-affiliation with any labor union.'"

In other words, two months before the signing of the open-shop Automobile Code, Father Coughlin wrote his own "merit" clause.

What does Father Coughlin have in mind when he tells the workers to organize? Let us see.

In the previously mentioned radio sermon of March 25, 1934, he said:

"Had the motor manufacturers been in the least intelligent they would have helped to organize a friendly and efficient union years ago, instead of fighting against the laws of God and the natural laws of men."

Father Coughlin wants company unions!

More recent statements: At one of his Tuesday night lectures, when he was asked by a worker in the Dodge auto plant how he should vote in the elections that were being conducted by the Automobile Labor Board, Coughlin replied: "Vote for a vertical union. Don't vote for a company union and don't vote for the A.F. of L. I wish I had the time to organize all the auto workers in Michigan. All auto workers should be in one union."

What does Coughlin mean by a "vertical union," one that is neither a company union nor affiliated to the A.F. of L?

The radio priest answered this question in an interview with Paul Weber, correspondent of Hearst's International News Service. "Make the United States Department of Labor a real power," Weber quotes him as saying. "Let it take over the functions of collective bargaining—the functions which the American Federation of Labor is now trying to fulfil. Let it supplant the A.F. of L. entirely."

In his attitude toward the New Deal Father Coughlin has become a prize double-dealer. The sudden about-faces, shifts and somersaults he has executed within the past five months alone are almost incredible unless one bears in mind the history of similar incredibilities in Italy and Germany. Father Coughlin has become the man on the flying trapeze of American politics, floating through the air from rung to rung and from all rungs simultaneously with the greatest of ease.

Let it be remembered that Coughlin has been one of the leading crusaders for the New Deal, and it was on the crest of the Roosevelt "revolution" that he rode to unprecedented heights of mass influence. Sunday after Sunday his voice resounded over the radio, a John the Baptist preaching the gospel of the savior, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Raising the slogan of "Roosevelt or Ruin," he announced to his followers that "the prosperity identified with the year 1926 is not too far distant" and called to them: "You can choose between Roosevelt and Morgan, between liberty and slavery, between prosperity and depression." In a moment of exaltation he cried: "No ten million Morgans can stop the sun from shining or can wreck the heart or the mind or the soul of Roosevelt who is leading us despite the Smiths, the Warburgs, the Spragues and the rest of them who would assassinate him in the minds of the people."

As disillusionment with the N.R.A. grew and workers began to go out on strike despite Roosevelt's promise of a new deal, Coughlin, sniffing the direction of the wind, as he had in the last two years of the Hoover regime, began occasionally to inject a note of criticism into his speeches. Not against Roosevelt, perish the thought! but against his subordinates and certain aspects of the N.R.A.

Thus on October 22, 1933, he admitted that the N.R.A., whose praises he had sung —and continued to sing—"has lessened the purchasing power of this nation." He declared that "the N.R.A. was ushered in with too much optimism and thereby misled millions of Americans into believing that 6,000,000 men would be back to work by Labor Day. People's confidence should not be played with."

But only a few weeks after he deplored this duping of the people, we find him saying: "At

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last the sun is shining despite the Tory criticism of those papers who would belittle the President of the United States and his policies. Four million have been put back to work. Two million more will find employment this month."

Throughout the year 1933 Father Coughlin maintained the closest contacts with the Roosevelt administration. In the Detroit banking situation he threw discretion to the winds and locked horns with The Detroit Free Press and the local bankers, hailing the administration proposal for a new bank, the National Bank of Detroit, half of whose stock was to be subscribed by General Motors and half by the federal government, as the first "government-owned bank." In other words, in the Detroit banking war Father Coughlin supported the Morgan interests (General Motors) as against Ford and the local bankers.

It was Coughlin's boast during this period that the President's secretary, Marvin McIntyre, and Secretary of the Treasury, Woodin —the same whom he later denounced for being on Morgan's preferred list — called him over long-distance telephone for confidential talks. He also held a number of secret conferences with Roosevelt himself.

This alliance was interrupted by a temporary estrangement in April, 1934, as a result of the revelation by the Treasury Department that Coughlin's organization, the Radio League of the Little Flower, was the holder of 500,000 ounces of silver for speculative purposes. The priest turned savagely on Secretary of the Treasury, Morgenthau, charging him with being "on the side of the international gold bankers to whom the word silver is anathema."

This did not prevent him, however, from declaring only a few months later that he still had "faith in the courage of our President and in the stalwart uprighteousness and integrity of his Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., faith in these men to nurse the financial infants into maturity and to keep the international bankers and Wall Street profiteers at a healthy distance from the Treasury building."

On April 8, 1934, Coughlin had declared over the radio: "I will never change my philosophy that the New Deal is Christ's Deal."

Two weeks later he spoke at the so-called "Committee of Patriots" dinner in Washington, given by the big silver speculators and attended by about thirty Congressmen. At this dinner the priest, who had gotten wind of the approaching Treasury revelations, denounced the principles of the N.R.A. as "borrowed part and parcel from Mussolini."

"We see the policies of a Hitler," he said, "the suggestions of a Mussolini and the dogma of a Stalin more honored in our midst than the ideas of a Washington and Jefferson."

It is, however, not true, as General Johnson charges, that from that moment Father Coughlin turned against the administration. This is a slander against the protean priest.

Immediately after the defeat by the United States Senate of the proposal for American adherence to the World Court, fifteen Senators, among them such prominent figures as Borah of Idaho and Hiram Johnson of California, wired Father Coughlin or called him over long-distance telephone, congratulating him on the victory.

At one of his Tuesday night lectures Coughlin declared that thirty-five Senators were backing the National Union for Social Justice. He named a few: Huey Long of Louisiana, Thomas of Oklahoma, Wheeler of Montana, McCarran of Nevada, Wagner of New York, Walsh and Coolidge of Massachusetts, Donahey of Ohio, Bone of Washington, Borah and Johnson. He might have added the white-haired boy of the liberals, Senator Nye of North Dakota, who on March 7 introduced Coughlin's banking bill in the Senate and made an impassioned defense of the priest.

The opening of his next broadcasting season found him apparently back in the fold again, oozing gelatinous praise over F.D.R., Secretary Morgenthau and the New Deal. In the speech in which he launched the National Union for Social Justice and announced his sixteen-point program, he said: "I shall not be one either today or at any future date to break down your confidence in the outcome of this New Deal."

This over the radio, where millions could hear. But in a series of Tuesday night lectures at his church, with only about eight or nine hundred people present, Coughlin began taking tentative potshots at the New Deal and even at Roosevelt himself. He sensed the beginning of a change, the signs that the gilt on the halo round F.D.R. was rubbing off and the oleaginous smile could no longer hypnotize the American masses in the old way.

Thus at a press conference on December 4, 1934, he said that "the N.R.A. has helped the laboring man"; at his lecture that very night he characterized it as "a lot of hooey." In an interview published in The Detroit News, Nov. 20, he declared that Roosevelt "is now willing to hand over the reins to the United States Chamber of Commerce and the international bankers who are back of them." But five days later over the radio he "changed his mind": "It is not fair to interpret this gesture on the part of American business [the love fest between the Chamber of Commerce and Roosevelt] as one that is linked to subterfuge and hypocrisy. Nor is it fair for our citizens to suspect even momentarily the motives of our President. He is endeavoring to bring about a union of forces, a union of efforts. He is not passing into the hands of the old dealers the outcome of the new deal."

When President Roosevelt delivered his "social security" message to Congress, Coughlin bent over double in praise of it. He hailed the speech as indicating that the President's philosophy "is the philosophy of social justice which is about to vanquish the sophistry of greed and of individualism." He declared that "today I believe in him [Roosevelt] as much as ever" and expressed approval of Roosevelt's proposal to pay less than prevailing rates on public works projects.

Only two weeks later the agile priest denounced the very program he had so fulsomely

"Would you please mind Fifi while I make a purchase?" *Ernest W. Hainsly*

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praised. "Mr. Roosevelt had better change his tune," he said, "and pay a just and living wage because Jim Farley and all his king's horses won't be able to buy him into power in 1936." He hinted strongly that he might support Huey Long in 1936.

But gradually, as the New Deal floundered and bogged, Coughlin moved to the attack over the radio too. The first volley was on the World Court issue, in which he joined hands with William Randolph Hearst in an exhibition of unbridled chauvinism that would have aroused the envy of a Hitler. He followed this on Feb. 10 with the sharpest criticism of the New Deal he had ever made over the radio. Here he resorted to the Hearst trick of accusing the New Deal of Communism.

But this was mild compared to his blast of March 3, large sections of which were lifted almost verbatim from the book, *The Economic Consequences of the New Deal.* Never have so many millions at one time listened to such a scathing denunciation of a national administration. "The New Deal administration out-Hoovered Hoover"; and the proposal to pay less than prevailing wages, which on Jan. 6 was part of "the philosophy of social justice which is about to vanquish the sophistry of greed," became on March 3 the "unkindest cut of all."

There followed on the very next day the blast of Gen. Johnson, spokesman for the administration, who stated that an alliance had been formed between Coughlin and Huey Long. Evidently the powerful financial and political interests who are directing Father Coughlin felt that he had overplayed his hand. The time was not yet ripe and they told the radio priest to put on the brakes. He did.

Father Coughlin's answer to Gen. Johnson was notable for the piety with which he offered up his devotions to F.D.R. On March 3 he declared that Roosevelt had "compromised with the money changers and conciliated with monopolistic industry," but on March 11 it was Bernard "Manasses" Baruch who had "hampered and impeded . . . our beloved leader" in the holy task of driving the money changers from the temple. On March 3 blistering denunciation of the President's security program; on March 11 it is "the President's magnificent message . . . to Congress." On March 3 Roosevelt is the man who "out-Hoovered Hoover" and flouted every promise he had made; on March 11: "It is either Roosevelt or ruin. I support him today and will support him tomorrow."

And the word has also gone out that the deal with Huey Long is "off" — for the present.

"If there is anti-Jewish propaganda being maliciously circulated, it will never find support from a Catholic pulpit," said Father Coughlin in his opening broadcast of the season, last Oct. 28.

On Jan. 22, invoking "Christian charity" and "loving one's neighbor," Coughlin shouted:

> We've got to say that we're either Christians in this country or not. Who established this country? Maryland was founded by the Catholics, Massachusetts by the Puritans, New York by Dutch Protestants, Pennsylvania by the Lutherans—Christians! We're not going to be so damn liberal as to compromise on Christianity. We're so open-minded as to say to the Jews, the Mohammedans, the Burmese and the others that while we love each other, remember this is a Christian principle; and when it comes to law, when it comes to representatives in Congress, don't forget this is a Christian nation! Let's not overwork this democracy.

Father Charles E. Coughlin is a direct agent of the Committee for the Nation. I do not have access to his secret files, but if circumstantial evidence means anything, then this powerful Wall Street organization of big bankers, industrialists and farm capitalists is not only directing Coughlin politically, but helping to finance his movement as well. The main theme of the priest's radio speeches for the past two and a half years—since Oct. 23, 1932, when he held a secret conference at Royal Oak with the international banker and Rockefeller agent, George LeBlanc, of 1 Wall Street, and the silver speculator and member of the New York Cotton Exchange, Robert M. Harriss—has been nothing else but the monetary program of the Committee for the Nation. And the marriage between the Committee for the Nation and Coughlin's organization was publicly consummated at the National Monetary Conference in Washington on Jan. 16 of this year.

The brains behind this inflationary monetary program is Frank A. Vanderlip, former president of the Morgan-Rockefeller National City Bank, one of the two largest in the field of foreign investments—international banking. Vanderlip was listed as chairman of the Committee for the Nation in its first public announcement, but since then James K. Rand, head of the Morgan-Rockefeller-Hearst firm, Remington-Rand, has been made the "front."

There is also strong evidence that Coughlin is or has at various times been connected with the Rockefeller interests, Hearst and Henry Ford, all of whom are not averse to using him in their struggle against Morgan. Moreover, outside of the immediate aims of certain sections of finance-capital, the long-range interests of the capitalist class dictate something more than casual support for such a talented and influential fascist as Father Coughlin.

The political significance of the Long and Coughlin movements lies in the fact that for the first time in this country we are witnessing the development along fascist lines of broad mass movements, embracing millions. Hitherto the fascist movements have been confined to relatively small groups such as the Silver Shirts, combining hooliganism with racketeering. These, too, will play their role as the nucleus of the future storm troops. But in the National Union for Social Justice and the Share-the-Wealth Clubs we have the beginning of a political party or parties of fascism.

Father Coughlin already represents a fairly well-developed fascist type. He combines opposition to trade unionism and strikes, anti-semitism, extreme national chauvinism and rejection of democracy with radical demagogy and a capacity for unprincipled shifts and maneuvers. When I speak of his rejection of democracy, I do not refer to the discussions of the subject in his speeches in which he fervently protests that what he wants is real democracy. I have in mind his attacks on academic freedom and free speech, and the structure of the National Union for Social Justice—the most undemocratic in the world.

Two days after he launched his movement Father Coughlin announced that local units would be organized, state and national conventions held, representatives elected and principles and policies fully discussed. What has happened to these meetings and elections? Nearly ten million members—so it is claimed—and not a single meeting! Hitler had better come over and learn from Father Coughlin.

There is one other fascist trait that Father Coughlin, in his off moments, occasionally shows: his readiness to use force against the working class, especially its militant section.

"The only way the Christians in Mexico put their prayers across," he said on Jan. 22, 1935, "is at the point of a gun. And that's what they're going to do in the spring. There'll be some fat, greasy scalps hanging on the wall. And that's what we may have to do in this country."

At another lecture he shouted: "The Communists want to start war; they want bloodshed, they love it when there's a depression on. The Communists say they want to shoot us down, but by God, I'll shoot them first. We can't be pussy-footers; the reason I say I'll fight them with bullets, if necessary, is because they want to take my God from me, my soul from me and my country from me."

Coughlin's attempt to climb back on the New Deal bandwagon and the efforts now being made to disassociate him from Long can be interpreted in only one way: the capitalist class considers him too valuable to risk breaking his neck. If Long, who is more directly involved in political life, should prove to be a bust, it might mean the finish of anyone who is too intimately tied up with him. The New Deal is not yet done for; it is the better part of valor for Coughlin to close no doors behind him, but to bide his time till the capitalists are ready to scuttle the New Deal and put heavy stakes on the Kingfish.

One cannot as yet speak of a crystallized fascist movement in this country, though in embryo and with menacing potentialities it already exists. There is also the possibility that both Long and Coughlin may so discredit themselves in the eyes of the masses that it will become necessary to supplant them with others of their ilk. But make no mistake about it: outside of the New Deal itself, with which they are umbilically connected, the main line of fascist development in this country is through the Coughlin and Long movements.

Lenin once wrote: "All oppressing classes of every description need two social functions to safeguard their domination: the function of a hangman and the function of a priest."

The priest of American fascism is already here. Will the hangman be Huey Long?

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Wildcat Coal

NECHO ALLEN

Shamokin, Pa.—In spite of icy streets and driving rain, about 750 "bootleg" miners staged a truck parade and demonstration here in protest against the injunction which the Susquehanna Coal Company is trying to obtain to drive the miners out of their workings. Thousands of spectators lined the streets and read the banners and signs painted on the trucks which said: "Why Starve When We Work?" "Smash the Injunction Through Mass Action." The parade won the sympathy of the workers and other sections of the population here.

OH, SO YOU'RE tired paying good money for coal? Well, it can be arranged. It's all very simple. You take a pick and a shovel and a good, strong partner and, trusting to luck, you begin to sink a hole in certain sections of the seven northeastern Pennsylvania counties where anthracite is found. A guy like Mike Poplitz, who has spent most of his life in the mines, is a handy consultant when you're looking about for a minerologist. Now Mike, who used to work on No. 10, whose workings are somewhere a thousand feet directly beneath us, isn't certain, but somewhere in this hill you may find a vein of anthracite coal.

Of course, you don't own the land. Even when you buy a lot here, the coal companies who sell the ground to you retain the mineral rights and may promptly throw you into jail for attempting to remove the coal. But so many miners have been out of work hereabouts for years and they've been so persistent in their wildcat mining operations, that most coal companies have quit in disgust from trying to enforce the trespass laws. (Get some of the boys to tell you about the two company policemen they chased across a twenty-foot sulphur creek when they attempted to stop their mining one night.)

Well, take a good hold on that pick and follow through. The first ten feet are the hardest. (It takes a little time to harden your hands.) Now you've got to erect the frame for a windlass. Every ounce of dirt and rock must be hoisted out from this point. Down you go—China or bust! You reach a depth of twenty feet. You go down to a depth of thirty feet and still no signs of coal.

You begin to wonder if Mike knew what he was talking about. But every time you pry another bit of rock loose and dump it into the tin bucket to be hoisted to the surface by that good, strong partner of yours, you know you may be getting closer to food and heat and shelter, so you don't mind particularly.

Every now and then (just when you're certain the walls are about to fall in) you block off the earth and rock walls of your little five-foot-square shaft with the limb of a tree or even a small tree trunk, if you're lucky enough to have trees in your vicinity.

Then, one fine day, when you've decided that you're doing nothing but digging your grave, you strike some black rock. Well, sir! That slate looks better to you than almost anything you ever saw. Yes, even more beautiful than your wife seemed to you before housework and three kids knocked it out of her.

So you take another hitch in your pants, spit into the palms of your hands and dig away. You haven't worked harder than this since the day you first went to work in the mines and your miner took a devilish delight in giving you no help whatsoever in loading twelve tons of coal and rock while resting from the toil of timbering and laying track.

And then — heavenly day! — you strike coal. Of course, it's seamy and soft and not worth a hell of a lot as coal goes, but it's coal and some poor sap may buy it. You're down about forty feet now. Those dogwood blossoms and that handful of green leaves across the top of your shaft look mighty good (and ten whole miles away). It suddenly dawns on you that the air isn't very

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good where you are, but you're strong—you can take it.

You dig down about ten more feet. (That's to find harder coal.) Your good, strong partner on top isn't so good and strong anymore. Hoisting some seventy buckets a day up that fifty-foot shaft would do the same to anyone. His crank action is just a bit jerky and you've got to keep an eye peeled for some of the lumps of rock that he sends down upon you every now and then.

Just to keep your mining from getting monotonous, you change your directions from vertical to horizontal. You start digging a horizontal entry into that three-foot vein of coal. Anthracite coal is quite like a hank of bananas—when the hank is fresh, you have trouble tearing the fruit loose, and so with coal. When anthracite is first exposed to the air, it looks like one solid mass but it is really layers which become loose upon contact with the air. As it is only a matter of minutes before the coal starts falling, you've got to have timbers in place to hold it.

So the next day, you're not mining—you're timbering. You go over the woods at hand with a fine-tooth comb, looking for saplings and small branches. Sometimes, when your shoulder is as raw as beef steak is popularly supposed to be, you wish you were working in someone else's mine. But then it dawns on you that 40,000 other unemployed miners have the same thought, so you forget it.

By this time, you've spent two weeks working like a mole and all you've got to show for it is about a ton of very sad-looking coal that probably wouldn't burn even if gasoline were poured over it. But your production is on the verge of picking up.

That night, you buy one of the boys working at No. 12 a few shots of "boilo"—the coal region's famous mixture of whisky that never saw a liquor store, and honey that probably never saw an apiary. Now, if he isn't an ungrateful brat and is worked on properly, he'll reward you with a stick or two of dynamite. (It's worth 20 cents a stick, so you needn't feel cheated.)

The next morning, bright and early, you're on the job with a brace—a crank-handled drill which you press against with your chest to get it to dig into the coal or rock. You drill two holes, each about four feet in length. You take your old jack knife and cut the dynamite into quarters. In the rock holes, you place a half stick. In the coal holes, you place a quarter stick.

Then you take a broom handle and pack the dynamite in tight. (Of course, previous to this, you've put your dualin cap and fuse into the dynamite.) Then you pack wet earth or coal dirt into the hole and pound away with the broom-stick for dear life. (If you don't, the dynamite will blow right back out the hole without doing any work and who, these days, has dimes and nickels invested in dynamite to throw away?) Then, you light the fuse and scramble up the fifty-foot hole like a circus monkey, if you're an inexperienced miner. (If you're experienced, you go up the ladder leisurely so as to reach the surface just as the angry "whoom!" below tells you that the charge has gone off.)

In another moment there's a second "whoom!" and the leaves on the trees quiver just a trifle as the earth is jarred. Dynamite smoke will give you a headache just six and one-half times worse than that "boilo" you bought for the No. 12 miner, so you've got to use a forced draft to get the smoke out.

You take a bunch of old papers (one dated ten months ago says, "Anthracite Code Nears Completion" and knowing full well that it hasn't) you light the papers and drop them down the hole. The hot air generated by the torch soon drives the smoke out of the shaft and you start down the ladder.

Since your partner and you have begun the Wildcat Mining Company, both of you have gotten over the idea of the eight-hour day. Some days you work ten hours. On most days it's twelve before you're through. Dusk is beginning to settle down over the hills by the time you climb out to gaze in awe at the pile of black lumps and dirt that represents the first profits of your mining operations.

"Must be almost two tons," you hazard as you squint at the heap.

"Ton and a half'd be closer," your partner decides. And after all, he's raised every pound of it fifty feet—his arm and shoulder muscles should know, so you don't argue. And anyway, you're tired.

"We'll have to get a truck somewhere," you decide.

So while half of the Wildcat Mining Company stays on guard against hijackers (of which there are many), the other goes seeking transportation. The regular truckers aren't interested. (The roads in that section are much too much for their trucks and they fear being black-listed at the colliery chutes if they truck for the bootleggers.) One trucker, who got his start with the bootleg trade but is now well on his way to respectability, holds out for two dollars a load. Or he'll haul on a percentage basis—two loads of each seven for himself. You're not interested.

Finally, you stumble across a youngster who has just married a girl with a nest egg of $300 saved in seven years while working in a shirt factory, which has been invested as the down payment on a truck. He agrees to haul it for $1.50. (There's a payment coming due and he needs the money.)

So off you go to the coal hole. The road makes those of war-time France's corduroy roads seem like so much velvet. The headlights soon find the other half of the Wildcat Mining Company perched atop the heap of coal.

The driver sits idly by as you shovel the coal into the truck. (His $1.50 price covers no shoveling.)

It feels good to ride home. You dump the coal on an empty lot next door, then hit the hay, after agreeing with the wife and kids that it's a pretty big pile for a ton and a half.

Three days later, after you've acquired a sizeable pile, you stay away from the hole to prepare it for market. You take two small hammers and begin cracking it. Every lump of Wildcat coal, you remark in an attempt to be funny, is custom built. And so it is. You crack about three tons between the two of you. Your back feels as though someone had been beating it with a hammer all day. It takes two days to finish the work—another day to crack it and another day to size it.

You screen it through three different sizes of chicken wire. The first is chestnut; the second pea; and the third buckwheat. (The other stuff will have to be hauled away to a dump.)

Then you tell the clerk in the pool room down the street that you've got coal to sell. You want the standard price for bootleg coal. Chestnut is $5.50 a ton; pea is $4.50 and buckwheat is just whatever you can get. Two nights later, about 3 o'clock in the morning, a battered truck from Maryland or New Jersey stops at the pile of coal and thoroughly awakens everyone with a high-pitched horn. Half the neighborhood opens windows and pokes their heads out to get in on the murder. They want to buy this coal, the drivers tell them.

It's a wonder a body can't get any sleep any more, the neighbors respond, but you get it at that little white house down the street.

The net comes to ten dollars a man but there are certain other expenses. There's three trips of the youngster's truck which comes to $4.50. There's another dollar or two for materials. The split is just a bit disappointing after the preliminary enthusiasm of being a wage earner again. But still you feel pretty good about it. That is until you pick up the evening paper and run across a financial statement of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Co., the world's largest anthracite producer.

For the months of January, February and March, total profits (not earnings) amounted to $1,548,000. Somehow, that takes the starch out of the Wildcat Mining Company. It makes bootlegging seem so senseless. The 15,000 P. & R. C. & I. Co. employes who average twenty days a month have been able to earn enough for their own paltry wages, the heavy wages of the endless officials of the company, probably another million which has been hidden in the endless subsidiary companies of the parent company and still show a profit of more than 1½ million dollars. (The Wildcat Mining Company will do well if it shows a profit of $150 for three months of the hardest kind of work.)

But the Wildcat Company will continue its operations. This will be the case in all seven counties where anthracite is found. After all a man's got to eat; a fact that for the most part has been overlooked by New Dealers and Old Dealers alike.

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Soviet Asia Sings

JOSHUA KUNITZ

We Tadjiks sing of what we see.
If we see a fine horse, we make a song about it...

IF NUMBERS and statistics afford an objective standard of Soviet achievement, the reaction of the Soviet people to those achievements is most clearly reflected in their folk songs, legends, plays and literature. In a sense, therefore, the nameless Tadjik creator of the song beginning with the lines quoted above, tells us more about the effects of the revolution than mountains of official statistics and libraries full of ponderous tomes of interpretations by foreign observers, travellers, and newspaper correspondents can possibly convey. "We Tadjiks sing of what we see." A simple mountain folk, the Tadjiks respond to the world about them with an immediacy, a spontaneity denied to the literary and artistic exponents of more sophisticated peoples. What is true of the Tadjiks is of course also true of many other Soviet peoples—the Uzbeks, the Kirghiz, the Turkomans, the Kara-Kalpakians, the Chuvashes, the Buriats, the Circassians, etc. . . .

It is in the light of their simple, poetic statements that we must read the new literature and folk lore of Soviet Central Asia. What do those peoples see? How do they react to the spectacular changes in their environment? What do they sing about? What differences in mood, in form, in content, has the revolution brought into the songs and poems and legends of the scores of minority peoples in the Soviet Union? With the profound change in the economic and social structure, what changes have taken place in the psychological and the cultural superstructures? Take the old folk songs of Central Asia, the shepherd songs, or the women's songs, or the cotton-growers' songs—what hopelessness, what melancholy, what bitterness! One shepherd complains about his hard life, his eternal wanderings, and about "the many bitter tears I have shed from my eyes." Another, herding camels for the Medzhaus tribe, chants plaintively:

Month in, month out I drag behind the camels,
My bare feet are torn, cut; they ache.
If you chance to pass my village, tell my master, Khyrdan-Bey
That I must have some leather to protect my wounds.

Still another, tells of his "heart and blood" having "dried and burned in the fire of the steppe." And still another, intones sadly:

Khodzham Shukur is our master.
Pig-weed is our food.
If the worms attack the pig-weed,
How shall we live?

The Soviet poets in Central Asia who have emerged from the masses sing of the past in tones quite similar to the folk poetry of the pre-revolutionary days. Thus the Turkoman poet Tman Kekilov, in a long and beautiful poem entitled "Days From My Past," paints the old life in the Turkoman village in the blackest colors:

Until I was seven or eight
I lived with my mother.
When my mother died,
I remained alone, an orphan.
From that time on, like a slave,
I worked for the same Bey,
Herding sheep in the steppe,
Visiting the village only once a year.

To live in the steppe all the time was hard.
Always chasing after the sheep and the lambs...
But to stay in the village was even worse,
Always under the heavy hand of the Bey.

And Ata Niyazov, another Turkoman, reminisces:

I drag myself behind the grazing camels,
My sister carries water for the herd.
The poor little creature understands everything,
And streams of tears are running down her cheeks.
Our master, we both know, is making ready
To sell to strangers this little friend of mine.

And so ad infinitum. Melancholy resignation—not a note of rebellion. Life seemed as immutable as the steppe, as the glaciers on the Pamir. "The poor were subdued by their poverty, and the rich enjoyed the power of their wealth. . . . The rich were strong like oaks, and the poor and weak clung to them like young shoots of ivy." Above all, "like a granite rock" stood "our mighty Moslem faith."

Among the first voices of revolt was that of the oldest and most prominent Tadjik novelist and poet, Sadreddin Aini. As an authentic expression of the insurgent mood prevalent among the advanced sections of the Djadid movement, Aini's work has scarcely been excelled. Himself an active Djadid, Aini had more than once experienced the brutality of the Emir's regime. There are two photographs of Aini existent in Central Asia: one showing his lean, emaciated body with deep traces of chains on his shoulders; another showing his back as a mass of torn, bleeding flash—the result of a flogging in the Emir's dungeon. Small wonder, Aini's works are aquiver with hatred for Bokhara's savage past. Small wonder, too, that from the first day of the Revolution, Aini, an old man, has been in the forefront of those who have been struggling for a new life and a socialist culture in Central Asia.

A middle-class intellectual, with deep roots in the ancient traditions of Persian culture, Aini came to the Revolution with much of the psychological and aesthetic baggage of his milieu. But his progress from the ornate love lyrics, courtly rhetoric and religious mysticism of the upper class to the modern motifs, revolutionary attitudes and the simple language of the masses has been steady and admirable.

In August, 1918, Aini, then a fugitive from Bokhara living in Tashkent, wrote a now famous poem entitled "On the Death of My Brother Khadzhi Siradzheddin Who Was Executed by the Emir after Kolesov's Retreat from Bokhara." The poem opens with a description of the author's profound dismay at hearing of his brother's terrible death under the headsman's ax:

And like a sword it struck me in the breast,
And pierced my heart, and robbed me of my breath,
And dimmed my thoughts, and crushed all life in me.

The eight line stanza, as the two subsequent ones, is followed by the haunting refrain:

O sweetest friend, O brother, O apple of mine eye,
Thou art gone from me . . . gone . . . gone . . .

The poet's dismay, however, soon gives way to bitter resentment. His soul cries out for vengeance:

I swear—henceforth I shall pursue no glory,
Nor read glad books, nor give my thought to chess.
My brother's dead. Life's brightest moon is dimmed.
The steed of grace has perished in the stream.
Henceforth, I swear, I shall not sing of roses,
Nor love, nor beauty. . . . I shall not sing sweet dreams.
Henceforth, my voice shall rage with flaming vengeance,
Shall cry a burning, bitter chant of hate. . . .

O sweetest friend, O brother, O apple of mine eye,
Thou art gone from me . . . gone . . . gone. . . .

Overcome with anger and grief, the poet hurls accusations at the "Ruler of Heaven." Out of the depth of his despair, he cries: "Thou, Thou alone art guilty of this crime." But the heavenly Ruler does not answer—"the empty sky is dumb. . . ." Suddenly the poet comes to understand that his personal loss, his personal grief are an inseparable part of the whole country's suffering and shame. His country is groaning, bleeding. "O land of mine," exclaims Aini, "here only dreams are bloodless." Despair is followed by hope. Such horrors cannot last forever. The oppressed people will rise once more. The Emirs, the Khans, the rulers "will drown in the black sea of their own crimes."

The conclusion of the poem is an interesting reflection of the dualism in the psychology of the petty-bourgeois Djadids in the

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early years of the Revolution. In 1918, Aini is still a pious Moslem. His defiance of Allah in the earlier part of the poem is only a momentary aberration. Towards the end, lifted by a new hope, he turns back to Allah:

O God! Shatter the roofs of the palaces
Over the crowns of the vile khans.
O God! Lead us out of this horrible dungeon,
And make the trembling princes kneel before
their slaves.

Two years later, Aini's prayers were fulfilled. The oppressed people *did* rise. The roofs of palaces *did* fall on the crowns of the vile Khans, and trembling princes *did* kneel before their former slaves. As to Allah having anything to do with it, Aini, the beloved writer of the Tadjik masses, shows very clearly that the great miracle of his people's emancipation has been accomplished not through the kind intervention of Allah and his prophets but by the revolutionary fervor of the laboring Tadjik masses, under the leadership of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

Songs of Freedom

"CAST an observing eye over the face of the Tadjik world," the Tadjik bard Sukhaili invites us:

You will see a new city, resplendent like a bridegroom;
You will hear the bridegroom's happy song.

Hark! A propeller hums.
An automobile purrs smoothly on the road.
An iron train sweeps by in clouds of smoke and
dust. . . .

Sukhaili exults over electric lights, over tractors "led by Tadjik hands." He urges:

. . . Enter a peasant hut
Before the sun is settling down to rest;
Hear the song he sings, watch the dancing
shadow of his tambourine. . . .

"Hey, man!" the peasant chants:

Look, the sun of freedom burgeons in the sky!
Spring waters, free, roar joyous down our
valleys!
And everywhere our Soviet folk sings. . . .

While the enemies of the Bolshevik Revolution all over the capitalist world are shedding crocodile tears over the tyranny, despotism, hunger, drabness, and horrors of the Soviet regime, the "Soviet folk sings," the "sweet-tongued" poets of Soviet Asia, in the words of the anonymous Tadjik bard, sing of their new freedom, sing about an aeroplane, sing of beautiful future days, make songs about Lenin.

Do you hear the happy shouting, Tadjikistan?
Your glorious day has come, Tadjikistan!

Your day has come! Your day of joy has come,
My wild, rocky, young Tadjikistan.

This is the mood, this is the dominant motif in the poetry of the awakened peoples in the Soviet East. They sing of their new freedom. The unprecedented sense of release brought by the Revolution has found expression in countless poems and folksongs in all the languages in the Soviet Union.

"Friends, my friends, my dear, my lovely friends," chants the Turkoman bard, B. Karbabiev, on the seventeenth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution,

Today I sing of freshly budding flowers.
The old world is dead. The red roses in my
hand
Are like the first-born children of our new, our
flaming epoch.

With our own angry blood and the black blood
of the Khans
We once had drenched these wild, endless sands.
These new red roses have blossomed into life.

A new sun is in the skies—the sun of a new
freedom,
And nothing in the whole world is as beautiful
as this new sun.

One . . . eleven . . . seventeen. . . . Year follows
year.
Each year in struggle sharpens its sharp edge.

Turkmenia, my land, my Soviet fatherland,
Like a flower of joy, life has opened up before
you.
Take of it.
Breathe of it.
Make each single day a fragrant day of Socialism!

Almost all of the songs of freedom contain the contrast between the "acrid days" of the past and the "fragrant days" of the present. Thus, the Central Asian poet, Munavvar-Sho, tells how he was "beaten with rods . . . thrown in black pits . . . kept without food for twenty-four famishing days." How he "wept with tears of blood." The Emir's henchmen peered into his eyes,

. . . But the storm of my heart could not be
stilled.
I sang to them:
You think you have destroyed me?
Fools, I have learned the dictates of fate.
Rob the poor. Eat their bread.
A day will come and you will be threshed out
of your castles
As oats are threshed out of their ears by dancing
chains.

Soldiers came to my village. They were looking for the sower of rebel thoughts. They slew my father by the doors of the mosque.

Go out on the hills of rebellion, my horse.
Look! All around there is fire, and smoke . . .
Like a drove of young steeds the hours fly past.
They vanish—and empty is the palm of the
steppe.

Oh, why recall the past? The hungry and bloody time of our rulers? The cruel years of the Emirs, the dogs? My heart sings of the new!

O Tadjik land, your time at last has come!
The cruel age is gone—your time at last has
come!
Machine that plows our fields, your time at last
has come!
O Soviet man, your time at last has come!

Closely associated with these songs of freedom have been the countless songs and stories and legends about Lenin. This was natural. From the very first day of the Revolution the name of Lenin had become identified in the minds of tens of millions with their national and economic liberation:

Lenin gave our bards the right to sing about
what they pleased,
And all of them at once began to sing about
Lenin.

Indeed, in the literature and folklore, not only of Central Asia, but of the whole of the Soviet Union, the figure of Lenin had at one time begun to assume almost legendary proportions. The personality of the great leader, the noble comrade, the sterling Bolshevik, caught the imagination and stirred the love of millions. The oil-driller in Baku and the peasant in the Ukraine, the Archangel fisherman and the Siberian nomad, the Caucasian mountaineer and the Central Asian shepherd were all contributing toward the creation of a great Lenin epos.

We must remember that the overwhelming majority of the men and women and children who participated in the building of this epos was composed, not of trained Marxists and dialectical materialists; they were illiterate or semi-literate peasants—accustomed to the traditional forms, the similes and hyperbolies, the nature imagery, and the fabulous heroes of all folk poetry. Lenin the Marxist, Lenin the philosopher, Lenin the revolutionary strategist they neither knew nor understood. To them Lenin was a holy savior, an emancipator, a being great and wonderful in his wisdom and power and love for his fellow men. There had been nothing in their poor, uneventful lives and in their peoples' scant annals to provide a figure even remotely resembling that of Lenin, except their legendary heroes and saints. It was inevitable, therefore, especially in view of the ever-present urge of people to find fulfillment in myths and legends, in saints and heroes, that at first some of the qualities and characteristics of the people's legendary heroes and saints be transferred to Lenin.

We must also remember the grandeur of the historical setting. Lenin's name, Lenin's personality, invaded the consciousness of these primitive peoples during the most crucial and picturesque period of their history. His was the central figure in the monumental drama. He had emerged in the lurid glare of storms and conflagrations, of wars and revolutions raging over one-sixth of the land surface of the globe. He had passed out of the scene before the sober light of the reconstruction period and of widespread Marxist culture had rendered his silhouette more nearly commensurate with his very great, but also very human stature.

The image of Lenin as a mighty *bogatyr,* a giant, an epic hero, a savior, is particularly

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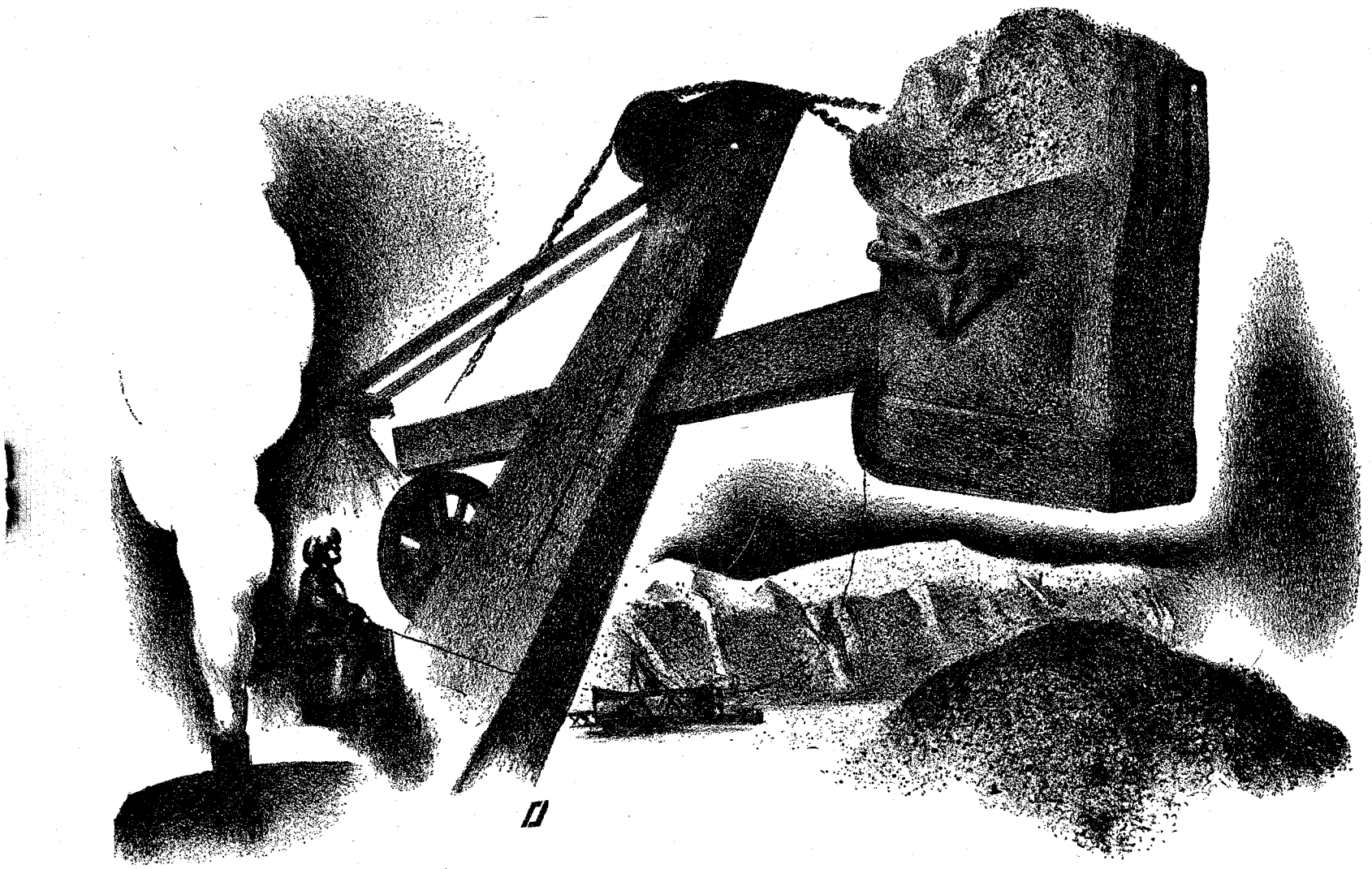

Building Vakhstroy—Tadjikistan *Louis Lozowick*

pronounced in all the stories and songs treating of him as the champion of the subject peoples of the East. Now he brings hope to the oppressed Georgians, now to a little Hindu boy, now to a hungry and beaten Chinese coolie. The coolie faints when he hears of the death of Lenin:

Lenin is dead. But what does it mean:
But what about the Chinese coolies?

In one Oriental chant we read that at the moment when Lenin was born into the world, he saw Man's woe and he sighed. The earth heard that sigh, and people knew that he was born. . . . And Lenin walked from hamlet to hamlet, from door to door, he beheld man's suffering, and his heart began to glow with a great hatred and a great love. . . . Lenin gave his heart to the people. And the heart sent forth countless sparks. And each spark was brighter than a bonfire at night. And people saw the way to happiness.

Lenin's heart consumed by a great flame recurs in numerous Eastern songs and legends. Here is an example from Tadjik folk lore:

Lenin lifting his head above the stars
Saw the whole world in a glance,
The world his hands could guide.
Vast was his mind,
With room enough for a peasant's complaint
As well as the waging of war.
He did not reign long, but his reign was like a bonfire
Giving to some light and warmth,
To others flame and fire—
His life which burned up in the fire of his love. . . .

Long we noticed that he was burning away,
But we could not drown the fire of love in his heart
And thereby save his life:
Can anyone put out the blaze of a burning steppe?
The fire in Lenin's heart was a thousand times more strong.

In another Oriental chant, Lenin is described as a hero born of the moon and a star, using the magic powers he inherited from his parents to overcome the monster-dragon that lay on the road to happiness. In still another, he very ingeniously outwits the White Czar. In one Eastern legend Lenin rises to colossal stature; he "splits" mountains.

. . . And on the sixth year, when the earth was free of lords and slaves, Lenin vanished. . . . And when people saw that Lenin was no more, they said that he died. But Lenin has not died. He remembers the testament of his teacher, Khmatto-Bash; he is seeking happiness in the mountains. Men see the earth shaking, and they say it is an earthquake. No, it is Lenin splitting mountains in his search for the little rod, in his search for happiness and truth. . . . And when he finds the little rod, then all peoples, yellow and black and white, will live happily. No one will ask why life is so sweet, because no one will know that life can be bitter. . . .

One of the most beautiful and humanly tender tributes to the memory of the Bolshevik leader is contained in the following Kirghiz song:

In Moscow, in the great stone city,
Where the country's chosen lie gathered
A hut stands on the square
And in it Lenin lies.

You can bear a great sorrow
Which nothing can console
Come to this hut: Look at Lenin!

And your sorrow will be carried off like water,
It will float away like leaves on a stream,
But a new, quiet sorrow will envelop you
That he who was the father of his land
Was stung with the sting of death.

We love him even as we love our steppes
And more—our huts and steppes we would give away,
Our camels, wives and children if these could bring him back. . . .
But he is in the dark, the awful, the unknown.

Where shall we look for him now? we cry,
And the steppe cries with us,
The moon and stars cry with us:
They remember Lenin. . . . We remember Lenin.
And neither ourselves nor our grandsons' grandsons
Ever will forget him. . . . Our steppes may choke with weeds
And tens of Kirghiz generations walk from the earth
But the last of them will be happy that he goes
Where Lenin is.

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Another song, quite as beautiful perhaps, is the one picked up by the Russian anthologist L. Soloviev in Kalabadam:

In April Lenin was born, in January he died.
These two months in red and black
Are pressed into our memory.

Now in April we shall wear
Red clothes to show our joy,
And in January we shall wear
Black clothes to mark his death.

In April we will sing joyous songs;
In January, sad ones.
In April the sun will sing happily with us.
In January the cold wind will wail with us.

It is significant that with the general advance of Soviet culture, the image of Lenin in Central Asian poetry and folk lore is perceptibly changing. The superhuman qualities and vague delineation of the mythological hero-emancipator are on the wane. As the details of Lenin's life and work are becoming the common property of new millions of literate workers and peasants, the gulf between Lenin as an objective reality and Lenin as an expression of subjective emotion is disappearing. More and more the clear-cut figure of the Bolshevik leader of the proletariat, with all its specific qualities, is penetrating into the consciousness of the Soviet masses. The garland of traditional anthropomorphic imagery, of legendary little "rods," and "monster-dragons," of "stars and moons" and "flaming hearts" is giving place to the concrete, realistic imagery of the new age.

Thus, in his recent "Wreath on Lenin's Grave," for example, the Tadjik poet G. Lakhuti, instead of the old imagery, weaves in the most poetic flowers of contemporary Soviet vocabulary—"factory sirens," "factory smoke," "Stalingrad tractors . . . the steel still warm," "forges," "heavy mauls," "sheaves of wheat from every Kolkhoz," etc. The poem reveals a sharp awareness of the role of the Communist Party. It speaks of giving our "Party's oath . . . to devote our lives to Communist success." It even refers to inner-party struggles:

We say: The cause of our truth we fight to defend.
In final combat we engage in closely drawn ranks.
Against the Left foe and the Right alike we fight.
Victoriously . . . thanks to your wise words that light our course.

Toward the end the poem asserts Lenin's "immortality," but in a purely materialist-Leninist sense—"Immortal is this great man who left to the world the power of the Bolshevik Party. . . !"

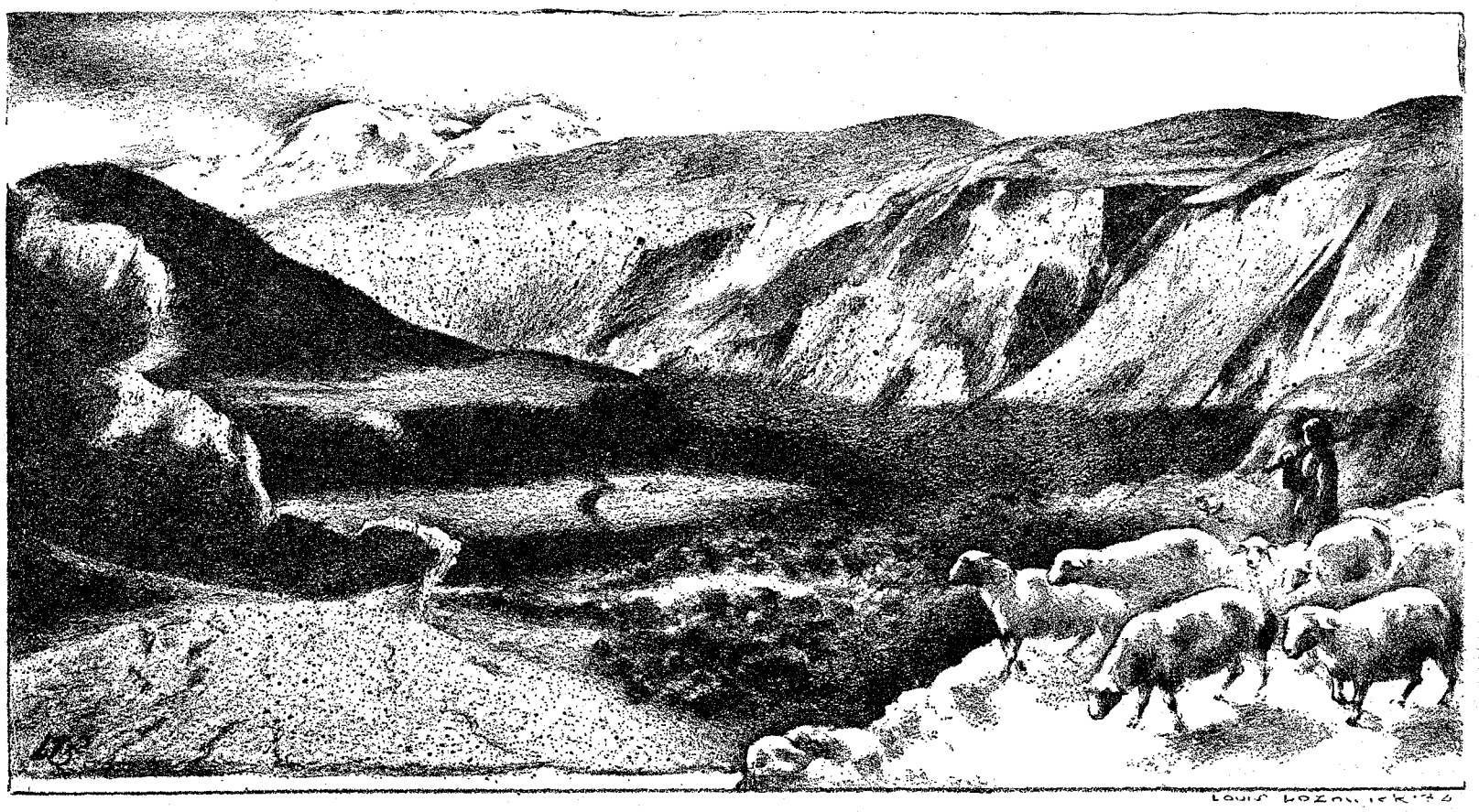
Lakhuti's "Wreath on Lenin's Grave" is symptomatic of what is transpiring in the realm of culture all over the Soviet lands. A changing content is rapidly bringing about changing forms. And insofar as the new content of Soviet life is everywhere fundamentally the same, insofar are the cultural forms of the different Soviet nationalities beginning to assume amazing similarities. But for the language, Lakhuti's poem might on the whole have been written not by a Tadjik but by a Great Russian, a Jew, or a Laplander. Its distinguishing qualities are not especially Tadjik, they are Soviet.

This trend could be illustrated by innumerable recent examples from all the national minority arts in the Soviet Union—reflecting the processes of industrialization, collectivization, of work and study, of psychological readjustments and socialist incentives, of Party life and Party loyalty, etc. There is no need of burdening the chapter with too many examples. The following literal translation of parts of one of Lakhuti's latest poems—written in the form of a report to "Pravda," the Central Organ of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union—will, I hope, convey to the reader the character of the most recent trend in Central Asia's Soviet culture.

Pravda, cultural department,
Moscow.
Copy for the Central Committee,
Press Section.

Comrades, attention!
Your utmost attention!
A poet reports.
Listen. Take note.
Comrade Pravda,
Here in Tadjikistan
The steps of Leninism
Are growing ever vaster.
Men everywhere have changed—
Building our Socialist structure.
The very same people
Who once lay slavishly prostrate
Under the feet of the beys
And in the claws of the mullahs
Are today—I marvel
At their deeds and their brains!—
Garnering the abundant fruits of October.

There was Khalina.
When she'd see a storm
And lightning in the blue and purple heaven,
She'd run for shelter.
She'd cry, shut her eyes,



Sheep Collective—Tajikstan

Louis Lozowick

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And tremble like a leaf on an autumn birch.
Today Khalina is not the same!
Knowledge has been given to her,
Nature has become her obedient slave.
I see her busying herself with the antennae—
She has rigged up a radio with her own nimble hands!

And there was Tursun.
Ever since the tractor
Came clatteringly
To take the place of the old wooden hoe,
Tursun's brain began to ring with different,
new, unheard-of strains.
In his consciousness,
Where formerly
Donkeys and camels
Wandered half-sleepily
Along the customary bridle paths,
Today in a whirlwind of efficiency
Dash to and fro autos and tractors
and locomotives and aeroplanes.

Where is the interminable talk,
More barren than the sands of the desert?
Where is the snail pace?
Where the Oriental dreaminess?
They have stopped wasting words here.
They have become efficient, firm, precise.
No wonder! In the olden days,
Tursun, following the slow steps of his ox,
Would sing his endless, plaintive tune.
And he never used his eyes
When he swept his ancient scythe—
Sowing or harvesting, always half-asleep.

Now, behold, the Tursuns do not sleep:
The motors shake them,
The wheels make a mighty noise.
Sullenness and laziness are gone.
Ears are sharper,
Eyes more vigilant,
Speech more vivacious,
Songs more alive.
Comrade Pravda,
This is no fiction.
This is no exercise of a garrulous poet.
Exact and truthful is the story I tell,
Upon my Communist word.

"My orchard."
"My mill."
"My cotton field—"
Now you don't hear
These words from our peasants.
"Our orchard!"
"Our mill!"
Our cotton field!"
Everything ours, like the air that we breathe.

Today we have a Moslem holiday—
Ruza we call it here.
And what a holiday it was in the past!
Deserted the homes, deserted the fields,
Crowds kneeling all day in the mosques.
But now who has time to think of Ruza?
Who has time for this nonsense of the slavish past?
Ruza? . . .
Our unions call for brigades!
Shock work in our shops and our schools!

Banu who had only once—
(When she was a bride)—
Taken a ride on a horse,
Now every morning mounts an autobus,
And daily
Rides gaily
To school.

Ask even a baby,
Who are our leaders?
The baby,
Nestling at its mother's breast,
Still unable even to babble,
Looks into your eyes
And shoves its plump little finger
Into the portraits beloved by all. . .

No, this is no fiction, no exercise of a garrulous poet. Soviet Asia is marching ahead, struggling, building, singing. The Khalinas and the Tursuns and the Banus are a new generation in Central Asia—bold, confident, efficient. Gone are the interminable talk and the Oriental dreaminess. A new life is creating a new consciousness, a new man: ears are sharper, eyes more vigilant, speech more vivacious, songs more alive. And while the clouds of war are gathering over the great Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, while the imperialists in the East and the imperialists in the West are plotting to attack the Soviet workers and peasants who for the first time in man's history are freely forging their own happiness, I can think of no better conclusion to this account than the song of the Tadjik collective farmer:

My breath is free and warm
When I see our dry plain being plowed.

When water flows along the cotton field,
When I see a finished dam,
And when I see those with me who strive for this new life,
I am as pleased as a father is with his own son.

I cannot help but cry: "Hail, all new men,"
When I see my son driving a machine along the field.

When I see a plow that's piercing root and soil,
I cannot help but cry: "Glory to those who labor!"

When I am threatened: "The old world will return,"
I fall to the ground and freeze in fear.

Give me a gun, comrade; give me some bullets—
I'll go to battle; I shall defend my land, my Soviet land.

Strike Sweeps the Campus

JAMES WECHSLER

The author of the following article is a senior at Columbia University and the editor of The Spectator there. He took an active part in organizing the strike not only at Columbia but throughout the country.—THE EDITORS.

TWENTY-FOUR hours before the nation-wide student strike against war, Charles Walgreen, one of America's renowned financial barons, withdrew his niece from the University of Chicago. He did it with a bellowing which jarred even the front page of Mr. Hearst's press. The self-styled rescue was well-timed, gallantly executed. As Mr. Walgreen later explained, he had saved the girl from "Communism" which, he assures us, is veritably rampant at the University. The act was reminiscent of a more glamorous era when solicitude for the fate of girl-like innocence was the rule, not the exception. Mr. Walgreen had seen the demon vice—wearing the horns of Communism—and snatched its victim away. But, like her ungrateful prototypes of an earlier day, the heroine is rumored to be indignant at her savior.

The episode could not have occurred at a more fortuitous moment. Had the offspring of one of our best families lingered another day, she might have been caught in the surging stream of anti-war action which swept the campus. For 2,500 Chicago students answered the strike call.

That day—April 12, 1935—is likely to be remembered. While diplomats were making pre-war gestures at Stresa, while Congress was allotting another unprecedented sum for militarizing the C.C.C., while the entire world was being propelled with alarming swiftness towards the second World War, the American Campus spoke out more decisively than ever before. Final estimates are still to be made; reports continue to drift in from outlying sections. But it is already safe to state that more than 125,000 students on nearly a hundred campuses were involved in the day's momentous events. When a delegation representing the six organizations which sponsored the strike transmitted its declaration to President Roosevelt Friday afternoon, the echoes were still resounding through our ivory towers.

The picture is neither uniform nor unmarred. Friday's drab skies reflected omens too threatening to be ignored; in the strike's sweep across the country it encountered a grim prelude to that storm of reaction which America faces.

But there was an unmistakable, decisive advance. Five years ago an action of this kind, so broad in scope, so plain in purpose, so militant in tone, would have been hardly conceivable. Recall, for example, the situation only twelve months ago—the day of the first student anti-war strike. It would be unfair

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to minimize the significance of the first mass action against war, but it must be acknowledged that the strike of 1934 was a minor one in comparison to that of 1935. Not more than 30,000 were enlisted in the walkout; the press, reflecting the attitude of the war-makers, treated it with indifference. In this light the momentous strides of the student movement can be most concisely estimated. A threatening world scene, more perilous with each passing hour, had exerted its influence. What was once an isolated fringe in the colleges was now a dynamic, compelling force.

Call the roll of the states and you will find that students within every territory rallied to the strike. In remote college towns and in industrial centers, from New York to California and from Maine to Georgia, the protest mobilized adherents.

The East was the main stronghold, as last year, but there were perceptible achievements in those sectors heretofore unpenetrated. While in New York, 3,500 students were challenging Dr. Butler's bitter anti-strike pronouncement at Columbia, 1,500 students jamming the Great Hall at City College, 2,000 defying administrative reaction at Hunter, 1,500 crowding into an overflow meeting at N.Y.U., there were 3,000 assembled at Minnesota, 2,500 at Western Reserve, more than 1,000 in North Carolina and several thousand — the figures have not yet been checked—on the West Coast where the most ruthless terror prevailed. In New England, Connecticut State College, Amherst, Smith, Wellesley and even Yale were among those to heed the strike summons. At Howard University several hundred responded; at Temple 2,000; at Brown, 1,300.

These are only random illustrations of the power, breadth and determination which marked this country-wide demonstration. Scores of other schools were involved, thousands of students on a roster too long to be detailed here.

This was one side—the side of promise, of struggle against the powers of war and fascism which confront the student body of the nation. It is a story replete with new successes, gains consolidated, awareness and sensitivity roused from the docile slumbers which so-called education has imposed. It is dramatic testimony to the genuine, unfaltering unity among six groups—the National Student League, the Student League for Industrial Democracy, the National Council of Methodist Youth, the Youth Section of the American League Against War and Fascism and the American Youth Congress.

So swift was word of the strike sped, so organized and firm was the pressure for it that, in some instances, college administrations capitulated. This was true at City College, Cornell, Virginia and a few other places where classes were either called off or traditional suppressive weapons abandoned. In some cases the administration virtually took part in discussion—but these were exceptions. In a number of places the fist of vested interest came down hard. The reason is eminently plain. So long as students confine their peace programs to quiet retreats or secluded forums, there is comparative harmony. But let them speak the language of struggle, of uncompromising mass action and the powers of reaction are unleashed.

At Michigan State, administrative officials openly endorsed violence directed against the strikers. In Los Angeles two girls were clubbed into unconsciousness by police. Eight were seized at Harvard for distributing leaflets. And — again in Los Angeles — crosses were burned and flaming fascist literature, urging "Protestants" to unite against the "Red menace" were circulated. At Harvard, rapidly gaining preeminence as the leading fascist array on the American campus—with California fighting hard for the lead—groups of students marched the Hitler goose-step, and in general aped the methods of Hitlerism.

These were characteristic incidents. Others are still being reported, and all are symptomatic of a decisive alignment of forces crystallizing on the campus. Arrayed against the strike were administrations—the mouthpieces of finance—capital's rule over education—and administration agents within the student body. Why this division? Its origins rest in the class background of American students. They symbolize a middle class divided against itself, replete with illusions, hates, prejudices, victims of a crisis unparalleled in fury and eager to direct its wrath against a scapegoat. For a handful in the colleges, genuine self-interest places them on the side of reaction—they are the boys still comparatively secure, still destined for posts in their fathers' banks and factories, the endowed sons of privilege who hope to make the most of it. But they are an ever-dwindling group. The others—the rank-and-file of vigilante bands — are simply the prey of demagogy which plays an appealing tune on their emotional chords. Conscious of economic disaster, frightened out of their wits by the specter of hopelessness, they turn to any crusade of hate—because they cannot break with those illusions which have been fostered in their class. They do the dirty work for the Board of Trustees; they prefer it to a recognition of their changed status in society, to their inevitable alignment with the working class in these life-and-death conflicts.

The Trustees crack down and their agents in the ranks mop up.

That is the motivation behind the roving vigilante bands which burst forth on April 12.

In retrospect, several items stand out.

The word "strike" was not simply a slogan or battle-cry; it was symbolic of all those elements which made this venture distinct from the futile pacifism of 1916 or the detached aloofness of 1928. It was deliberately borrowed from an historic tradition; it is the language of social action, the technique of an organized working-class. It cemented the unity between students — themselves only a fragment — and the factory and farm workers, who are the decisive forces in the counter-attack against the plans of a privileged clique.

Another aspect was the influence exerted by the N.L.S. and the L.I.D. They were the compelling units in the spread of the strike. They gave initiative and direction to it. Around them gathered those thousands who recognize the immediate issues but who need leadership, organization, increased pressure. Where the N.S.L. and the L.I.D. are strong, the strike gained its greatest momentum and achieved a maximum clarity. If they had been more firmly rooted in the public schools of New York City, the frenzied devices of the authorities would not have proved so demolishing. If they had been a single, united organization, able to recruit more efficiently because they acted in complete harmony, administrations could not have tempered or diverted or subdued the strike. Where they possessed the widest following, fascist groups within the student body were most hesitant to emerge.

April 12 indicated that American students are ready, in ever-growing sections, to follow the paths laid down. Amalgamation of the N.S.L. and the L.I.D. could serve more than any other single step to insure that this be realized, to prevent the conversion of the student body in a storm troop reserve, to stem the tide of disaster which is rushing toward us. So long as they remain apart—while their programs and activities are so closely correlated—they will only enhance the difficulties of an already mountainous task.

In the dawn of April 12, two flags fluttered high above Morningside Heights. Run up under cover of darkness, one bore the inscription "STRIKE" in white letters on a blue background; the other was a black Nazi Swastika drawn on white bunting.

Later in the day we stood about, watching the flags fly in the cold, gray rain. A bevy of campus attendants were gathered around the flag-poles, seeking to haul down the emblems. Slowly the Swastika came rolling to the ground; a prolonged outburst of applause and cheering emerged from the throng. The "STRIKE" banner remained aloft, defying attempts to remove it; through some still obscure fortune, it maintained its supremacy until the day was almost done.

Perhaps the episode was in some manner symbolic. Certainly, though every strategy was used against the strike, its adherents carried the day. The countless tales of courage and determination which occurred on April 12—of students braving every force exercised by a frightened ruling caste—are only the first of many to be written.

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Correspondence

Chemists Meet

To The New Masses:

Your aritcle "Engineers on the Scrap Heap" in The New Masses of March 12, seemed to the members of the Chemists' Education Committee of the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians, and, no doubt, to the members of the Federation at large, an excellent analysis of the present economic situation in the civil engineering profession. We are sure a similar situation obtains in many of the "professional" chemical groups, particularly the American Chemical Society.

Our committee is making special efforts to appeal to chemists during the week of April 22-27 when the American Chemical Society is holding its annual spring meeting, along with the tricentennial celebration of American chemical industry, in New York. An important part of our campaign will be a special issue of the Bulletin of the Federation devoted to the problems of the chemists and including an analysis of the economic role of the various chemical societies.

M. Goldfrank.
Committee on the American Chemical Society Meeting Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians.

The Fremont Older Article

To The New Masses:

I don't know why Mike Gold should have sung a word of praise at the obsequies of Fremont Older. The old traitor didn't deserve it. In the article on Fremont Older, in The New Masses of March 25, there is no mention of the contemptible role played by this former liberal during the San Francisco general strike of last summer. Doesn't Mike Gold know that Fremont Older, under his own name, issued one newspaper statement after another, in which he scathingly denounced the strike as having been fomented by Communists and foreign agitators, and thus supplied the vigilantes and thugs with an excuse for their vandalism and murder?

I don't give a damn that Fremont Older was once a liberal or a radical of sorts. I don't give a damn that he was one of our first prison reformers, or that he first learned to appreciate Walt Whitman in a whore house. By his Red-baiting activities during the general strike and his voluntary acceptance of employment as editor of William Randolph Hearst, he forever placed himself in his true light as a rotten mercenary of those very plutocratic interests he once pretended to condemn.

Hollywood, Calif. George Gordon.

To The New Masses:

Mike Gold's article on Fremont Older in The New Masses of March 25 is better than Older deserves, but I'm glad he wrote it. The last several years certainly added nothing to Fremont Older's stature and some are very bitter about it. Those of us who knew him earlier have a hard time explaining.

Sausalito, Calif. Rose Isaak.

Mike Gold Replies

To The New Masses:

I lived in California nearly ten years ago, and haven't been back since. It is, therefore, news to me that Fremont Older ratted on the general strike in San Francisco. If so, this adds point to the argument that Hearst fouls everything and everyone that must come into contact with him.

Fremont Older was once a great man, and for his period, a great liberal. Ten years in the Hearst organization evidently made a yellow fascist of him.

The choices are narrowing down. The liberal newspaperman who works too long on a fascist paper and for a fascist boss must crack up, sooner or later. You can't be a liberal, and a police provocateur at the same time. You can't plunge your hands deep in treachery every day for a living and expect that none of the filth will stick. The time is rapidly coming when honest newspapermen, who care a little about their own integrity, will boycott Hearst and reject any job he has to offer. It may mean a financial sacrifice, but workers make this sacrifice every day for the principle of unionism. Certainly intellectuals and white-collar men ought to have as much guts. Newspapermen, stop scabbing for Hearst!

During the late war, one saw many distinguished and spiritual liberals, Socialists and Anarchists, become jingoes overnight. Now, as capitalism enters its fascist period in America, we see many of the same type becoming Hitlerized. The explanation is simple, of course: beneath all the subtleties and eloquent verbiage by which they rationalize their position, these people can never desert the pie card. The capitalist system feeds *them* fairly well, if it does not 20 million other Americans on relief, and they doubt that high salaries will prevail under a socialist system. In addition, they are cowards.

New York City. Michael Gold.

Protests Win in Arkansas

To The New Masses:

Because thousands of protests came in from workers and liberals of Arkansas and all other parts of the nation, Commonwealth College was able to survive the recent planter-inspired attacks by the Arkansas state legislature. The "sedition" bill and the "nuisance" bill were both defeated during the closing days of the session, and the investigation committee turned in a comparatively mild report. Those responsible for the school understand quite well that it was the mass protest which did the trick. Future attacks by reactionary and fascist elements upon working-class organizations, institutions and leaders must be met in the same way.

Charlotte Moskowitz,
Executive Secretary.

Commonwealth College,
Mena, Arkansas.

Hanns Eisler

To The New Masses:

May I call the attention of your correspondent Louis C. Kirchli whose letter "Class-Conscious Jazz" was published in your issue of April 16, to Hanns Eisler's remarkable article in the March number of Music Vanguard?

New York City. Carl Sands.

"Best Number of Any Weekly"

To The New Masses:

Because of the unusual amount of factual material on vital national issues and the readable form in which it was presented, your issue of March 5 seemed to me the best number of any weekly magazine that I have seen in a long time, and one of the best that I have ever come across.

New York City. Harry F. Ward.

For a Free Stage

To The New Masses:

Four members of the Boston New Theatre Players were arrested on a trumped-up charge of profanity after their production of Clifford Odets' play *Waiting for Lefty*. We ask the suport of your publication to expose the anti-labor activities of the Boston police involved in this case. We ask your support in our fight for a free Boston stage. Protests should be directed to the Clerk, Roxbury District Court, Roxbury, Mass.

The defense committee appeals to your readers for funds to fight the case. Contributions should be mailed immediately to Waiting for Lefty Defense Committee, 5 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Robert F. Allen.
Defense Committee.

Western Congress Against War

To The New Masses:

The Pacific Coast Congress Against War and Fascism is being held in San Francisco on April 28. The Congress is being sponsored by nearly a hundred organizations under the leadership of the Pacific Coast Section of the American League Against War and Fascism.

It is hardly necessary for us to point out to your readers the significance of such a Congress, especially here in California, where fascism seems to be making the most rapid strides. By uniting the many liberal political, religious, educational, labor, women's, and racial minority groups in a determined struggle against the common menace, fascism, this Congress can actually demonstrate to the California fascists that neither here nor in any other part of America will those who have everything to lose by fascism's advance remain complacent in the face of the developing danger. ***We Will Stop Fascism and Its Twin Menace, War.***

We invite all organizations and groups interested in fighting war and fascism to send accredited delegates to the Congress.

Seema Matlin,
Pacific Coast Congress Against War and Fascism,
Room 311, 1026 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

"New Masses Indispensable"

To The New Masses:

Frankly, I have been astonished that in the short space of a little more than a year The New Masses has been able, with its great material handicaps, to establish itself as a weekly of such critical acuteness, outstanding vigor, and general high quality. To my mind The New Masses has become indispensable for anyone, no matter what his politics, who wishes to keep informed and up-to-date about the radical movement on the economic, political, or cultural fronts.

Corliss Lamont.

New York City.

White-Collar Unemployed

To The New Masses:

It is unnecessary to repeat the facts concerning the plight of the white-collar worker. Traditionally, he has been taught that he is an individual and unrelated to any group. After six years of unemployment and insecurity, he realizes that organization is the only solution.

The Committee of Unemployed Office, Store and Professional Workers was organized to meet the needs of this group of unemployed workers. We have already succeeded in winning a number of jobs for our members.

We are, of course, meeting tremendous opposition from the relief administrators. This opposition has reached a peak of callousness and cynicism in the person of Arthur P. McNulty, assistant to relief director Edward Corsi. Asked what provision they are making for the white-collar unemployed, he replied blandly "None at all." This benign person further remarked that "Nobody is entitled to a job;" that having one was "purely a fortunate coincidence."

We can't wait for a "fortunate coincidence" and will continue to do everything we can to win jobs.

The Committee will be glad to give any further information concerning our work. Our meetings are held every Wednesday at 3 P. M. at 504 Sixth Avenue, New York.

Eleanor Stone.
Executive Secretary.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Waldo Frank and the Left

IT BECOMES increasingly doubtful whether it is possible to have a major school of writers without the aid and lenses of the critics. Both from the Right as well as from the Left there is today a babel of criteria that makes for the interment of works of art rather than for their creation. "The education of a people with a view to culture," said Nietzsche, "is essentially a matter of good models."

The Saturday Review of Literature used to be afflicted with that peculiarly Jamesean malady known as gigantism. Every three months it used to discover an enormous genius and every fourth month it bewailed the fact that there were no great novels being published. The progression of this "will to believe" in literary criticism has since then been consistent, linear and downwards. And the true opponents of this gigantism have either vanished or withdrawn. Louis Vernon Parrington, a critic of scope and ample understanding, is dead; Van Wyck Brooks, the most impassioned and despairing man of American letters, has retired from the contemporary field; and Edmund Wilson, highly gifted, and author of that remarkable study in imaginative literature, *Axel's Castle,* has gone into retreat.

In such a period of chaos when graduated distinctions between books seem of marginal importance, Waldo Frank's *The Death and Birth of David Markand* has appeared.

The Death and Birth of David Markand is a swan song of the American bourgeoisie and Waldo Frank's farewell to that class. For a just perspective of the book something of a restatement of its contents is in place here: David Markand, a stockholder in the United Tobacco Industries, is deracinated, twisted, and wishes to escape from the death and mouldering around him. His wife seeks surcease in cloistered Catholicism, but Markand, altogether alien to such fraudulent nostrums, wants to get out into the world of production and labor, among the oppressed farmers and proletariat to learn and to unknow. His relentless peregrinations, industrial, social, erotic, are continental. Markand, tortured, mazed, starves, works as itinerant laborer in the Chicago stockyards, as coal stoker and as bartender in New Orleans. He meets up with Georgia crackers, Negro sharecroppers, chambermaids, Wobblies and Marxists. Each panel of city, street and incident is a torturously heightened experience for him, a "transvaluation of values."

The depiction, all too brief, of John Byrne, a working-class leader, and Jane Priest, who has evolved from a poor white to a class-conscious organizer, and of the knavery and stark wickedness of the coal operators, is one of the most authentic pieces of labor narrative in the American novel. It is doubtless a transcript of the reign of terror in Harlan, Kentucky, where Waldo Frank, a member of a writers' investigation committee, was blackjacked. The prose here has impact and political pungency: "The four men rose. Lowrie, the greatest local operator and the richest man in Howton, was short with a frog-like body and a flushed face in which the little eyes shone green and the mouth set like a trap. Beside him was Judge Freeter, incumbent of the local United States District Court, a huge man with lofty, gray locks, aquiline nose and fierce small eyes. On the other side of Lowrie was County Prosecutor Lincoln, a trim youth with a low brow, who kept twiddling the *Phi Beta Kappa* key on his vest; and on the other side of the Judge was a man with a full-moon face, eyes watery blue, a pug-nose and pudgy hands —Governor Garent of the state. They shook hands with the miners, and said over and over: 'Mighty glad, suh, to meet you.' The miners carefully laid their guns under the table . . . In this instant, the truth between them lived on the table. The Governor opened his mouth to dispel it; his voice issuing from the moon visage was a reverberant tenor, velvet to the closest ear, yet audible, one felt, to the farthest Appalachian slope. He said: . . . 'For I'm here, I tell you, as Gov'nor of your state to say to you that if you've a right to what you want, a right as Americans, by God, sirs! you're going to get it.'" And twenty-four hours later, John Byrne and Jane Priest, strike leaders, lie buried underneath a fresh foot-stamped mound of wet earth, murdered by the Governor's deputized thugs. For firm and gainly chronicling, the following is typical of one cross-section of the book:

> He traveled to Minneapolis and marveled at its difference from St. Paul. A smooth, blond town, closer in color to wheat, and yet it had a tidy hardness that made Markand understand the farmers' hate of middlemen. Middleman town it was. Abolish the middleman would mean to abolish Minneapolis—its haughty houses, swanking boulevards. St. Paul was darker and lustier.

The novel is varied in tone and texture; there are passages of erotica which rival those of John Donne, and there are other sexual episodes which discomfit the reader in much the same way that D. H. Lawrence's often do.

For picture, pigment and social insight compressed into violent and fragile imagery the reader should note the following: "The red-clay road gashed into banks, high or low: the young corn and cane racing with the breeze; the already sturdy cotton, and always the red road . . . cabins standing on stilts, so sudden rains could sweep under and leave them alone: cabins rhythmic in shape and weather-hued like the reflection of dappled flowers upon water. Sparse farms of white folk, larger, stiffer, with more rubbish in the yards; always the red road. Black folk on foot, faintly emergent from the red earth and the blue-gold sky, like their red duroc hogs; sparse white men, splinters from an alien world of coolness and of angles. . . ."

Compare the above passage with the bass drum profundities of Thomas Wolfe, selected by Burton Rascoe in The Herald Tribune as a specimen of profoundly imagined prose: "After all the blind, tormented wonderings of youth, that woman would become his heart's center and the target of his life, the image of immortal one-ness . . . the immortal governance and unity of life." Thomas Wolfe is the most recent bourgeois hero of gigantism.

One or two critics of the *Death and Birth of David Markand* have assailed Waldo Frank as a mystagogue and have said that his approach here to Communism is special, tinctured with the religiosity of a convert. There is, of course, no one way, or any one hundred ways of perceiving or arriving at a new social and class outlook. In this book the fault is not Frank's. It lies in the electric fusion of images and sensations, in his quickened and, as it were, stratosphere prose-responses and antennae, which have been mistaken for transcendentalism or what Lenin called God-creating or God-building. Whatever Frank was in the past, he is not a mystic in this novel. The deity, whenever alluded to by the author, is altogether a literary and social device, as, "It is easy to see which of these two classes of men the Lord has smiled upon."

However, Waldo Frank's book raises several very significant aesthetic problems for the American Writers' Congress. Revolutionary novels about the middle class in which the proletariat has no dominant role, or only an incidental part, have received a rather tepid reception. The technic of indirection, strikes, class-war murders, hunger, used as a dramatic cyclorama to heighten the torture and the awareness of the protagonist, the more peripheral and roundabout approaches to Communism in fiction, have been summarily dismissed or ineptly considered. Vacillation, conflict, anguish have been viewed as unrepresentative sick emotions of a sepulchral figure or milieu. This attitude is not without a touch of babbitry and a not too dim echo of the slogan: nothing succeeds like success. In short, is it essential that a character in a revolutionary novel walk out of the book or off the stage like a Marchbanks? Is it necessary that the David Markands or the Studs Lonigans

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beset by the present-day Furies know all that the readers know? The poignant dilemma of poor Ernest in *The Way of All Flesh* is a case in point. Ernest, to the very end, jots down abstruse metaphysical insights and axioms; he never emerges triumphant from the clerical haze and aura of the church—but the reader does.

This brings us to another point: the introspective psychical man. Jung, dealing with psychological types, has written that the extraverted person has "an element of caricaturing depreciation" and is more easily describable than the introvert. But the contemporary author, whose novel, torso-ed like its heroes, with realistically-drawn legs, arms, bodies but no hearts or intellects, has excised sensibilities and introversions. "Layers and layers of sensation and no heart in it" characterizes the truncated protagonist of modern American fiction, bourgeois or Communist. Parrington has stated the problem in his addenda on Sinclair Lewis: "These brisk pages are filled with astonishing verisimilitude, speaking an amazingly realistic language, professing a surprising lifelikeness — yet nevertheless only shells from which the life has departed. . . ." And it is these "shells" that we have learned to pity, and even despise, not because they are tortured and harried but for the very opposite reasons, because they are so miserably supine. Almost every character in American fiction today, Clyde Griffiths of *The American Tragedy,* the Jeeters in *Tobacco Road,* Conroy's itinerant semi-proletarians, Dos Passos' men and women (who always go from place to place but never evolve), are from the point of view of creative energy and will, horizontal.

What has happened, among other things, is that reporting, a doggerel, slangy prose, has taken the place of a literary vocabulary. As a method of chronicling and as a stenographic record of surface relations and tabloid events, the use of the Americanese is often highly effective. But it imposes definitive limitations upon the writer, so much that a conscientious critic must constantly remind the reader that the prose, and the cerebral processes projected, are not the author's mind. Consequently, insights, nuances, graduated perceptions cannot be gotten even out of a very highly formalized journalese. Nor a whole man. In fact too often when an American novelist who is Left or liberal tries to suggest a mood of sadness or some emotion, he writes that his character felt "kinda goofy or queer." However, it is not entirely surprising that the novelist who has given us the most complete character, the living, vibrating man, David Markand, in the class-conscious American novel, has been given short shrift by some reviewers.

The Death and Birth of David Markand is a major novel of our times. Waldo Frank has been a voice of the middle class, the intelligentsia, the students, the teachers, for a decade or more. The frustrations, the chaos and anguish of Markand is, one might say, *ipso facto,* the representative fluxional emotions and doubts of the social conscience of an entire class and era.

EDWARD DAHLBERG.

The Path of Regeneration

I LOVE, by A. Avdeyenko, translated from the Russian by Anthony Wixley. International Publishers. $1.

THE scope of this novel is both autobiographical and historical. It tells an exciting personal story—the bitter realities of a proletarian boyhood; the child-thief, trained in the underworld, drugged with cocaine, creeping through the sleeping cars of the International expresses; the dramatic psychological conflict against the restrictions of the Commune for homeless boys; and finally the new, seething, industrial life of Magnitogorsk. This is the history of a man; it is also the history of an era. The remaking of the world, the tremendous march of the revolution, cannot simply be regarded as the *background* against which the events of the novel take place. The changing world is not a background—it is the core of the book's structure.

I am not saying this by way of indiscriminate praise. I am endeavoring to indicate a very important technical factor. In the varied development of proletarian literature, the autobiographical novel is playing an increasingly significant role. The reasons for this are obvious. The revolutionary writer is not concerned with abstract patterns of emotion. He is dealing with the stuff of reality as tested by his own knowledge and experience. It is therefore natural that many revolutionary novels should be a direct recording of personal struggle and adjustment. This is not a matter of introspection, nor of psychological brooding. It has frequently been pointed out in Marxist criticism that the importance of a writer's experience depends on its relation to his class and time, his ability to see events historically, to integrate his own experience with the scope of the class struggle.

In achieving this scope (more fully, I believe, than any other modern writer), Avdeyenko has contributed greatly to the value of the autobiographical novel as an art form. In telling us about himself, he has deeply enriched our knowledge of the working class, drawing an unforgettable picture of the contrast between the old and the new Russia.

The method is direct, violent, staccato. Incidents pile up on one another. The line of the story is hammered out with melodramatic intensity. The writing is also vigorous, but not (at least as far as the translation is concerned) really successfully so. The style is sometimes unclear, often awkward, and generally uninspired. It is safe to assume that the fault lies with the translator, but I cannot be sure. This defect is serious, but it does not obscure the substance of the book. The events are so rapid, so exciting, that they seem to overflow the style like a river overflowing its banks.

The technique of story-telling is visual, cinematographic. In the early pages, we can see, feel, smell the poverty of the miners and metal workers in the "Dog Kennels" in "Rotten Gully." We see degradation, vice, prostitution, insanity. But we also see the unconquerable spirit of the workers, the earlier phases of the class struggle. The Cossacks ride into the miners' barracks, lashing the men with their whips, trampling them under their horses, until the rotten flooring gives way under the horses' hoofs.

In spite of the speed of the action, the individual portraits of workers are memorable: the child's grandfather, Nikanor, who goes mad after years of meek toil; the mother who becomes a drunken hag; the father, Ostap, who deserts his children; the boy's lovely sister, Varka, who becomes a prostitute. A picture of death and degradation—yet the ferment of revolution is present. There are strikes. There is a growing sense of purpose and plan. The boy's brother, Kozma, is sent to Siberia, and returns (in February, 1917) to lead the workers in a spontaneous outbreak against their oppressors. "The Dog Kennels folk do not waver when the sabres of the Cossacks gleam in the cold February sunshine. Kozma is the first to wave the workers on. My brother falls before my eyes, and I run away past Rotten Gully wherever my legs carry me. I know that I won't stop in the ruins of the Dog Kennels."

The boy plunges into a career of crime and adventure. He is taught to be a thief by a man named Wings. Wings pockets all the money, paying his assistants in vodka and cocaine. The boy is imprisoned, but escapes. He is picked up by Red Army men and joins the armored train, "The Donetz Basin Proletarian." He enjoys the excitement, and gains his first glimmer of social understanding. But when the train is wrecked in Eastern Bokhara he is expelled from the detachment because of a misunderstanding.

We next find him in the corridors of the Manchurian Express, robbing the compartments. He has returned to Wings; they fling the booty into a snow drift and drop off the train. They fight over the spoils. He kills Wings by stabbing him in the back but is himself knocked unconscious. He wakes up in clean sheets in a sunlit room.

He hates the regularity of the "Commune for Former Homeless Waifs." This is very different from the grey institution in which he had formerly been imprisoned. Here the boys are free, responsible, learning trades. "I would have run away long ago, but the pity of it is nobody would stop me from doing it." The boy's inner struggle is dramatized in a series of vivid incidents. He tries to escape through the window, but the head of the Commune laughs at him: "Why through the window, Sanya? Go out through the door." He fights with the other boys; he tries to start fights; but gradually he learns.

Perhaps the most intense and emotionally

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satisfying part of the book is the final section which deals with Sanya's work as an engine driver at Magnitogorsk. There is no slowing down of the tempo. One might perhaps expect a more passive treatment of this material—the growth of manhood, friendship, love. But the author has succeeded in giving us a wonderfully direct sense of the chaotic vitality, the feel and color and texture of the new world. He dramatizes the vast gap between the new and the old. Perhaps the most deeply moving point in the story is Sanya's dream, when he goes back to the filth and stench and disease of Rotten Gully, and compares it to the granite and marble buildings of the Soviet community, to the completely changed environment.

Avdeyenko presents the industrial life of Magnitogorsk in terms of intensely personal emotion. In fact to us, in a capitalist country, this intense emotion about locomotives and blast furnaces seems unbelievable. It is difficult for us to break away from the idea that machinery is in itself cruel, deadening, oppressive.

I have mentioned the moving-picture tempo of the story. When we speak of the cinema technique in a novel, we are accustomed to associate it with aesthetic trickery, a certain amount of distortion. In this case, what may be termed the *camera-eye method* has been used to achieve a sharply defined, heightened picture of reality. The detailed structure of the incidents is very revealing in this connection: Avdeyenko has a special way of telling an event. He invariably tells us something climatic and exciting; then he *cuts back* and shows us what led up to this situation. This method of cutting, arranging, and flashing back, is followed throughout the book.

This skilful use of contrast and emphasis is worth studying. The effect is similar to that of the film, *Chapayev.* The way of producing the effect is also similar. It is a method of realistic projection which is *real* in the deepest sense—because it shows the interconnection and meaning of events. It is largely by this means, used with Marxist understanding, that the quality of historical scope is achieved.

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON.

Wistful Southern Agrarian

AGRARIANISM, by Troy J. Cauley. The University of North Carolina Press. $1.50.

IT WAS several years ago that a group of Southern writers issued a manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand,* in which they declared for an agrarian as opposed to a capitalist or socialist society. They shrank from the terrible specter of a "machine civilization" and urged in its place the primitive way of life in which, they contended, a finer culture would flower. The present volume, written by a professor of economics at Georgia Tech, is offered presumably as the economic rationalization of their proposal.

Unfortunately for the book, however, the professor shows himself woefully ignorant of the nature both of capitalism and socialism. When he chooses agrarianism he chooses a great deal of what is also capitalism, his ignorance of which is shown in his program: Tax-exemption for farms valued at less than $5,000; a heavy tax on absentee landlordism; a general sales tax; abolition of tariffs; government credit to permit tenants to buy out their landlords, and an extension of Mr. Roosevelt's subsistence farm idea. Farming is to become a "way of life" rather than a method of making money (which it has never been for the vast majority of farmers).

Tax exemption for poor farmers, and liberal government credit can be won if the smaller farmers fight for these demands. A general sales tax and the extension of the subsistence farms will be pushed on the smaller farmers by the government, unless they fight *against* them. But the tariff system will remain, with superficial changes, because it is the nature of an imperialist economy, such as that of the United States, to require tariffs. The workers and working farmers have ceased to fight for the tariff issue. They save their ammunition for bigger game. But none of these proposals mean any fundamental changes in the capitalist system, which Professor Cauley pretends to despise.

I doubt, however, whether the professor is really concerned with the working farmers. Although he subtitles his book "A Program for Farmers," he evidently has in mind gentlemen like himself who would like to retreat from the contradictions of modern capitalist society and who look wistfully toward the fancied peace of an agrarian life.

To me, a Southerner, it is inconceivable that Professor Cauley knows anything at all, at first hand, of Southern agrarian life. It is one of the typical shortcomings of many Southern educators and intellectuals that they write in a vacuum. To describe Southern rural life, the professor digs into the files of the New Republic for an article by Edmund Wilson (1925), and into Tugwell, Munro and Stryker's high school text on economics. When it comes to socialism he does not even read. There are, of course, joys in an agrarian life which are not to be disputed, but these joys are not to be partaken of freely in agriculture under capitalism; at least not by the majority of farmers.

The Farmers Weekly recently received a letter from a Minnesota farmer: "I was going to write a short report already Monday," he wrote, "but we were watching our little ten-months old baby fighting against its death. She died yesterday morning at 2:40. The doctor's report was that the mother was starving before the baby was born so she was born very weak." And from a girl on a South Dakota farm: "Ruby died last Monday from the flu and because the folks could not afford an undertaker, we helped prepare her for burial."

Such miserable poverty is today typical of the vast majority of farm dwellers in this country, along with hand-and-back methods of work (instead of machinery), isolation and the absence of recreational, educational and cultural facilities. How can one speak of the joys of agrarian life under these circumstances? Under socialism, however, it is possible to reap from an agrarian life joys which for some people are never found in city or industrial life. Sholokhov's book, *Soil Upturned,* fairly throbs with beauty peculiar to the countryside. The Soviet peasants enjoy that beauty because for the first time in history the life of the peasant is freed from back-breaking labor, insecurity, isolation from the best in culture. It is a new agrarian life.

It is natural that Southerners are filled with painful forebodings as they see the hated capitalist industrialism penetrating their native hills, adding its evils to a system which has enough of its own: semi-feudal exploitation, lynch terror, persecution of the Negro people. Mr. Cauley, like other Southern intellectuals, would like a painless way out. Unfortunately there is none and the honest Southern intellectual, realizing this, will make his choice. That choice will be with Gastonia, Camp Hill, the Birmingham steel workers, the Southern working class, Negro and white, united for emancipation both from the Northern industrialists and the Southern landlords. That is the road to socialism.

ROB HALL.

Agnes Smedley's Autobiography

. . . the stirring, poignant, powerful story of a woman who is today in the forefront of revolutionary writers, the woman who risked her life to tell the story of "China's Red Army Marches." Here is her early life in the coal fields of Colorado, at the University of California, in New York in the frenzied days of war hysteria.

THIS book appeared first in 1929. It has sold millions of copies in twenty different languages, burned and banned in Germany, praised by *Pravda,* hailed by the Chinese masses. This is a new edition, revised by the author. Special introduction by Malcolm Cowley. $2.00

DAUGHTER OF EARTH

By Agnes Smedley

COWARD-McCANN, 55 5TH Ave., N. Y.

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Whose United States?

TALK UNITED STATES! by Robert Whitcomb. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.

. . . when you are talking to every one of the millions of working stiffs you got to talk United States to them, and that is what is wrong with the American Communists, they are trying to do it the Russian way, and they won't listen to nobody else. But the ones that listens to the Communists can learn a few, Baldy says, they got the right dope sometimes, and sometimes they are the only ones that got it. They know their onions, even if they can't talk United States . . . the main reason is because they pay close attention to Marx, and then to Lenin, and this guy Stalin may try and be a dictator, but the Russian Labor Party is too wise to let him get away with anything.

WAL, all I know is what I read in a feller's novel and that's about the size of Robert Whitcomb's United States talk. He's batted around the country some and he's been battered around some, too, so he has a fair idea of what makes it tick so looney but he don't know what to do about it so good.

Of course, there is the argument that working within certain characters, a writer is necessarily limited in range, but a writer makes his own range. You can write about the most confused working stiff, yet explain his confusion and give a correct perspective of it. If you don't give that perspective, that means you're confused too and confusion in the material of Whitcomb's novel represents not only an artistic defect but an immediate political danger.

When it comes to presenting the raw material of existence here, the author has stuff to burn. He can't create character but his situations have gusto and authenticity. He has a remarkable ear for the language. And he has some healthy impulses. He wants workers not only to talk United States but to talk out loud. That's a large part of the story, but it isn't enough to talk out loud, you've got to know what to say, for one. It is idiotic for the characters who seem to be Whitcomb's protagonists to refer to a "Russian Labor Party" and in the next breath demand "a Labor Party just like in England." The difference between Lenin and Ramsay MacDonald is the difference between a revolutionary and a counter-revolutionary, a working-class leader and a foe of the working class.

Right now we Communists are straining every resource of energy and political experience to help build a militant American Labor Party, basing itself on the trade unions, the unemployed, the small and middle farmers. When we succeed, you will hear some marvelous United States talk that will not remain just talk either. But there cannot be any confusion about our methods. Whitcomb thinks the United States ought to join the World Court and that "the League of Nations started in America and we ought to finish it and make it a real League that will represent the workingman." Yeah. Another thing we ought to do is get Charles Evans Hughes to defend a bunch of arrested pickets in Essex Market Court or maybe get Thomas Lamont to give a hand with the financial affairs of the International Workers' Order.

The legitimate ignorance business is shot, it's a racket now and a phoney one. William Saroyan and Story Magazine can still put over a Dumbbell School of Literature in book circles but it is getting to be too gruesomely simple to write, "dear reader, I'm a pretty dopey sort and I am not so much at explaining things so please don't expect any illumination here because as I say, I'm a dope myself, and it was a lot of effort to think of a big word like illumination but look at the folk who can sling the big lingo, are they any better off, certainly not, but me, someday maybe I'll learn and maybe I won't."

EDWARD NEWHOUSE.

Recent Magazines

ART FRONT, Official Organ of the Artists' Union, 60 West 15th St., New York. April Issue. 5 cents.

THE April number of Art Front features a discussion of the "American Scene": answers to ten questions by Thomas Benton, and a rebuttal article by Jacob Burck entitled "Benton Sees Red." You may get some idea of Benton's equivocation and opportunistic stalling from his answer to Question No. 7 . . . "What is your political viewpoint?"

I believe in the collective control of essential production means and resources but as a pragmatist I believe actual, not theoretical, interests do check and test the field of social change.

or his answer to Question No. 5 . . . "What is the social function of a mural?" "This is for society, as it develops, to determine."

In strong contrast to Benton's hiding behind meaningless generalities is Burck's straightforwardness, which effectively exposes the specious quality of Benton's ideas and the basically tabloid character of his art.

In his article "A Perfectly Honorable Business," John Boling has written a splendid analysis of the "art business." Most artists know in a general way that the art business is as rotten a money racket as any other capitalist business. But not until the details of a specific case (that of John Kane, in this instance) are presented, do we fully realize how the artist is exploited by the big dealer.

Among the other articles is Clarence Weinstock's sound criticism of abstract painting, on the basis of Stuart Davis's introduction to the catalogue of the Whitney show. Jonas Lie comes in for a well-deserved lashing of his arch-reactionary policies as member of the N. Y. Municipal Art Commission, and his vicious, patrioteering speeches. Other articles deal with the struggle of the Artists' Union for the economic betterment of the artists; and George Grosz contributes one of his excellent drawings of our "upper classes." He shows us Park Avenue buying "just the thing for the dining room," and it would take an entire book to describe capitalist culture as effectively and truly as does this drawing.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

MUSIC VANGUARD. First issue. Published at P. O. Box 99, Station D, New York, N. Y. 25 cents.

MUSICAL journalism in general is a sad spectacle. The larger periodicals are almost self-confessed puff-sheets and serve advertisers rather than any music-interested public. The few scholarly magazines are, with one or two exceptions, stuffily academic.

The appearance of Music Vanguard is an event that would get headlines in newspapers if cultural history meant anything to them. It serves a function no other magazine has as yet attempted, a function more important at this time than any other conceivable one in musical journalism. This is, broadly speaking, to establish music within its social relationships, and to provide an integrating medium for all the components of the music world—composer, performer, theoretician, critic, audience. That this can be done, and with

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no sacrifice of scholarship, the material in this first issue of Music Vanguard triumphantly proves.

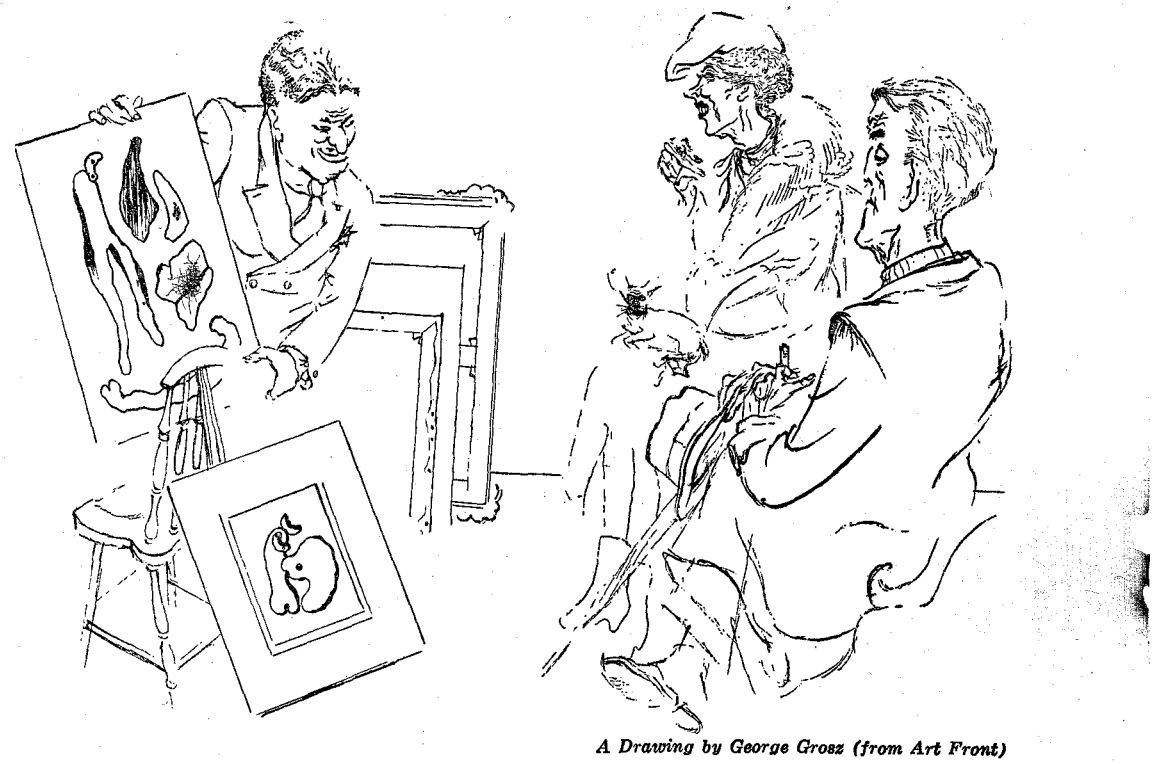
It has come to be accepted that one or two distinguished articles in a magazine are enough to make an issue. Music Vanguard opens with three. If it is to be the policy of the magazine to reduce the number of articles and allow the writers space for thorough work, the policy is to be recommended.

Of the three articles referred to, Lawrence Gellert's "Negro Songs of Protest in America" is the liveliest. Sound and well-formed, it analyzes the dualism of many spirituals and work-songs which were pieties and trifles when whites were around, but songs of revolt in their own setting.

Hanns Eisler's account of "The Workers Music Movement in Germany," a movement that has almost a century of history and an important body of tradition, experience and achievement from which other branches of the movement can draw, is the expression of a rounded and mature revolutionary composer. Eisler's historical survey is valuable both as a whole and in its details which are packed with illuminating observations.

The title of Charles Seegar's "Preface to All Linguistic Treatment of Music" is unnecessarily pretentious. The article, which is to be continued in further issues, has importance and should stimulate discussion. But Seeger has not trimmed his ideas clean enough yet. In his description of the social role of literature and music and their interrelationship he sees them sometimes as rival powers and instruments of power, sometimes as fine arts, but only infrequently as media of communication, which surely is a primary function. The partial use of music as language in signals, Chinese tones, etc., is not dealt with, though it may be in future sections. But the range and nature of the discussion that Seeger starts is fascinating and, in itself, is something of an event.

The format of Music Vanguard is its present most obvious weakness. This is easily remediable. There are many music-loving typographers who would gladly contribute their services and advice. ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.



A Drawing by George Grosz (from Art Front)

Brief Review

WOMEN WORKERS THROUGH THE DEPRESSION, Lorine Pruette, Editor. Macmillan. $2.

This book is a somewhat detailed study of the employment records of over a thousand members of the American Women's Association throughout the crisis. The membership of the A. W. A. comprises white-collar workers, professionals, executives and independent proprietors, but apparently excludes the proletariat. The present work is valueless as a study of the effects of economic crisis on the middle class, because the original sample is heterogeneous, and when reclassified according to occupation, the samples are too small to possess statistical significance.

NEW MASSES readers (if they buy the book on the basis of the present review) will enjoy the chapter "Depression Silhouettes," where a bright ray of hope is cast on a situation of gloom. Miss Prouette points out how enterprising unemployed women with training and experience learned to make themselves useful in a new economic situation. For instance, "a gifted singer became a successful lecturer on back-stage life," etc.

Speaking of this prostitution of talent and training, we cite as an example the work under review, which represents the economic waste of Carnegie Foundation funds, Miss Pruette's time and labor, the spare evenings of readers, and several spruce trees at a time when our forests are being depleted.

CANNIBAL COUSINS, by John H. Craige. Minton, Balch and Co. $2.75.

What can be expected from a Captain in the U.S. Marines and former Chief of Police in Port au Prince, who devoted his life to pumping lead into the Haitian masses and now resumes the attack, this time from behind a typewriter instead of a machine gun? Captain Craige's thesis is simply that the Haitian people are "cannibals." Whole chapters are devoted to the gory details of how Haitian hillsmen made soup out of captured leathernecks. Not one of the "cannibal" stories is authenticated by a shred of evidence. Names, dates and places are conspicuously absent. Craige's sources are always based on indirect gossip of the "somebody told a friend of somebody else who told somebody else who —etc. ad infinitum—finally told Craige" variety. Trimmed with hair-raising yarns of "voodooism" "black magic" and "superstition," the book is packed with slanders against the Negro people of Haiti who are variously characterized as "savage," "barbaric," "uncivilized," "murderers" and "cannibals." The publisher's publicity man was more accurate than he himself perhaps realized when he blurbed Craige's stories as the "Arabian Nights Adventures of a Marine Captain in Haiti." The two are equally fictitious.

HELL-HOLE OF CREATION. The Exploration of Abyssinian Danakil, by L. M. Nesbitt. Illustrated with folding map and half-tone plates. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.

The inhospitable Abyssinian Danakil had become the last bourne for all previous exploring expeditions. The three white commanders of the present expedition were, like the imperialist combination behind the present crisis in East Africa, English and Italian. The expedition, which evaded Abyssinian authorities in the capitol, curiously enough ended in Italian Eritrea, to which fascist armies are now being transported. These are strange coincidences. Mr. Nesbitt, a mining prospector, makes no mention of them in his book, which records a stirring achievement in very good writing; but they are plain between the lines. His Italian companions are allowed no other motive than curiosity. The natives are described as encumbrances upon the land, although again and again he is forced to praise the natives in his expedition, three of whom gave their lives, for their persistence and devotion.

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Current Theatre

Accent on Youth (*Plymouth Theatre*). A piece of tough pathology, age in love with youth, simplified by Herr Lubitsch's scenarist-in-chief (Samson Raphaelsonn) into a new romantic crux for the movies. Accepted as comedy, it is gently sophisticated, tidy and here-and-there bright. A field day for the abundant youthfulness of fifty-two-year-old, capable British actor, Nicalos Hannen. Shiny and innocuous enough to become the Pulitzer dark-horse.

Artef Players (*Artef Theatre*). If you understand Yiddish and haven't yet seen the nation's most brilliant repertory company (now playing six nights a week in its own house on Broadway) in parts one and two of Gorki's great trilogy (*Yegor Bulitchev* and *Dostigaev*) and in *Recruits*, the town's lustiest satire—you're squandering your birthright. Imaginative beauty of staging, maturity, vividness and vigor of acting and revolutionary understanding.

Awake and Sing (*The Group: Belasco Theatre*). A play about the Bronx by the author of *Waiting for Lefty*. Loosely constructed, dated in plot formula, in its approach to revolution, vague and sentimental, it is clearly an earlier work. But its miraculously vivid dramatization of a middle-class Jewish household exacerbated by poverty—by merely speaking truth—serves a revolutionary purpose. In its brilliantly keen dialogue, its capacity for quickening to life everything that it touches, it foreshadows the later Odets. Stella Adler as the Jewish mother is badly miscast; Luther Adler contributes the number one performance of the year. Despite its shortcomings there's meat here.

Black Pit (*Theatre Union: Civic Repertory Theatre*). Furious as may be the differences of opinion of the dramatic excellence, and of the political soundness of the Theatre Union's current play about miners, there can be little doubt about the following points: that in pitilessly tearing a worker between his unutterable love for his wife and his almost equally indestructible loyalty to his class, Maltz has introduced something like the classic dilemma into revolutionary drama; that in his depiction of the ignominy suffered by a stool-pigeon, he has helped to inculcate among many who witness the play a greater consciousness of that same loyalty; and that in his unretouched picture of a miner's shack, of a miners' boarding-house, of communal life on a "patch"—and of the real talk of real miners—he has done a job which when compared with Hollywood's three hundred thousand dollar photographed (*Black Fury*) imitation makes the latter look like amateur work.

Childrens' Hour (*Maxine Elliott's Theatre*). The ten-to-one favorite this season for Mr. Pulitzer's gift to the press-agent. Had it been clearer it would have deserved an even better honor. But its excoriation of vicious gossip (as directed against a pair of girls' school instructors) is obviated by its lack of psychological and social motivation. A class interpretation might easily have been given the old lady's malice; certainly a psychological one should have been given the depraved brat. The two teachers themselves are alone worked out fully. Their acting is superb. As melodrama the play is excitingly written.

Petrified Forest (*Broadhurst Theatre*). Flabby, gangster melodrama whose much vaunted "allegory" asserts that gabby old-settlers, college football heroes and middle-aged legionnaires are present-day fossils; that gangster killers are the sole surviving individualists; and that a pan-handling writer (Sidney Howard) who gets himself shot for the sake of financing a sappy amateur paintress in a trip to France is the modern day Sidney Carton. A telephone linesman holds for Communism in the opening scene but he's forgotten in "drafting the future." Leslie Howard burlesques himself well enough to join George Arliss's class. Construction, dialogue and supporting cast incredibly mediocre.

Post Road (*Ambassador*). You won't guess what this one's about until the last five minutes; then you'll learn that all the mysterious people are kidnapers and that the kind-hearted old spinster was nearly as shrewd (if not so amusing) as Edna May Oliver. It's been a bad season for mysteries and that's why this one's a leader.

Waiting for Lefty and *Till The Day I Die* (*The Group: Longacre Theatre*). *Waiting for Lefty* is, of course, the bombshell of the year all around and plenty of people (revolutionary playwrights included) will never be the same. *Till The Day I Die*, an anti-Nazi play, while perforce lacking the rich native tang of its partner and containing unfortunate jerks in tension, compensates by the unspoken power of its condemnation and by the inspiring example of Communist courage.

Anything Goes (*Alvin Theatre*). The best that the season has had to offer by way of musicals, and a shabby best. Archaic gangster plot, efficient but commonplace staging, nary a stab at satire. Sole assets: Cole Porter's tricky *You're the Top* lyrics and Victor Moore's cherubic idiocy.

New Dance League Recital. Mecca Temple, April 21. A program of solo and group dances, featuring Fe Alf, Jane Dudley, Ernestine Henoch, the New Dance Group, Dance Players, and others. Tickets at 11 West 14 Street, New York.

ALLEN CHUMLEY.

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Art

A.C.A.: THE SOCIAL SCENE. Several particularly fine items among a generally good but uneven exhibition of paintings, sculpture and graphics. Check "Roustabouts" by Joe Jones, the St. Louis artist, for doing a *Stevedore* in paint; Cikovsky's excellent "Demonstration"; Refregier's lithos, and watercolor "Gathering Wood"; Ishigaki's "Picket Line," rich in emotion and paint-quality; Lozowick's lithos, remarkable for craftsmanship; and Harriton's fine little sketch "Children's Soup Kitchen." Gropper's "Mellon" is a brilliant example of how to use symbolism (in this instance surrealist) and still make it easily intelligible. This is ample proof, if any were needed, that clarity does not have to be sacrificed for subtlety and imagination. (A.C.A. Gallery, 52 West 8th St., N.Y.C.)

KOPMAN: Romantic, anarchistic rebel. Still soaked in the bohemian individualism of the left bank. Leaning much too heavily on Rouault, he puts so much "fury and passion" into his drawings and gouaches as to lose all semblance of form and characterization, and degenerates into careless, sloppy smudging. All the more regrettable because he has real talent and fire. Both hand and mind need discipline here. If he were to cut out the arty gallery trivialities ("Bathers," "Circus Performers," etc.) and buckle down to work at expressing some of the realities of his existence (social, not personal) he could produce some fine revolutionary work. Check the "Financier and Military Man." (Contempora Art Circle, 509 Madison Ave.)

INDEPENDENT: About the only excuse that has been offered for the holding of the "Independent" exhibition, in recent years, is the "cathartic social value" it is supposed to provide, by letting anyone and everyone blow off steam. Formed originally to combat the stranglehold the Academy held on the art world, it provided a much needed institution, enabling unorthodox and dissident art expression to get a public hearing. But it has long since outlived its usefulness, and continues only as a gigantic circus and freakshow. There is not a tendency, either of technique or subject matter, which cannot be found in regular galleries and exhibitions, and what is more, seen to better advantage and free of charge. Even excellent works (and there are many here) look so tawdry and meaningless amid the welter of stupid or sensational junk (and under the glaring lights) that the whole affair is very depressing. The considerable amount of money spent on the "Independent" would be used to much better advantage if devoted to the fight for the Artists Committee of Action Municipal Center. (Independent Society, Grand Central Palace, 46th and Lexington, N.Y.C.)

"TOM" BENTON: Whatever you may think of Thomas Benton, you will have to admit he is a shrewd politician. He knows how to play the "native son" business for all it's worth, and today it's the bullish item on the art market. Starting with the newspaper advertisements for his exhibition which announced "Tom Benton" (he had been Thomas Hart Benton, or just Benton, in past years) and characterizing his drawings and paintings, we find the kind of "Americanism" well calculated to please the flagwavers who are demanding a 100 percent American art. The man can paint, make no mistake about that. You may not like his raucous color or writhing forms, but he knows how to draw and can organize a picture. On infrequent occasions he can even go below the surface to more significant meanings; ("Preparing the Bill") but for the most part he is content with the surface. The surface he presents is the precise counterpart, in paint, of Mencken's "Americana" in the old Mercury. In one of his numerous newspaper articles (of which 90 percent are usually devoted to attacking "dogmatic Communists" and Communism) he remarked that he found Huey Long "interesting." The affinity is not surprising. Benton can become a useful man for Huey. (Ferargil Gallery, 63 East 57th St., N.Y.C.)

STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

Movies

MOST of the critics and many readers of THE NEW MASSES will feel that Warner Brothers are to be congratulated for at least recognizing some elements of the class struggle in their latest film *Black Fury*. All this talk about the "bravery" and "courage" of the Warner studio in "daring" to produce so controversial a topic as capital vs. labor is sheer nonsense and high-pressure publicity on the part of the producers. This "awakening" to the vital and social problems of today is not a new orientation for the Brothers Warner. Ever since the democratic landslide some years ago they have tried and tested (to their profit) the "topical" film. They are close enough to the National Committee of the Democratic Party to give them a certain amount of immunity from Herbert Hoover's squeamish ex-postmaster, Will Hays, on the question of topical films. Their early training with the gangster film under the supervision of Hollywood's daring young man, Darryl Zanuk, gave them the necessary prerequisites for their sociological career.

First it was *Cabin in the Cotton*—their venture into the theory of class collaboration. How easy it was to solve the problem of the sharecroppers by tying up with the landowners. Soon after they showed us the problems of the city workers: *Heroes For Sale.* Unemployment and strikes were caused by the MACHINE and Communists who were crazy war veterans anyhow.

Following the success of Russia's *The Road to Life,* the alert brothers imitated with their version of America's *bezprezorni* in *Wild Boys on the Road.* The Blue Eagle, then in its prime, was cast in the role of Jack Dalton, Big Brother to America's wild boys. The next season they followed this up with a magnum opus on social work and the reformation of young delinquents by reformed gangsters: *The Mayor of Hell.* A little later they whitewashed Warden Lawes in a picturization of *20,000 Years in Sing Sing* (directed by Michael Curtiz). This was followed by a malted-milk edition of Robert Gessner's *Massacre,* wherein The Great Father Roosevelt, and his liberal Indian administrator Collins solved for the first time the American Indian's problem. And last season, Michael Curtiz was entrusted with the job of giving us the real dope on the Bolshevik Revolution and showing us that John Reed and Eisenstein simply didn't know what they were talking about: *British Agent.* With a record like this is it any wonder that the Warner Brothers are Mr. Farley's favorite film producers? Is it any wonder also, why Hearst deserted Metro for the Warner studio?

Thus it becomes very understandable why this studio should make *Black Fury* (also di-

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rected by Curtiz). While pretending to expose police brutality in a mine strike, *Black Fury* emerges as a calculated attack upon the rank and file movement; it portrays radicals (Communists) as agents provocateurs in the employ of strike-breaking detective agencies; in addition, it is so constructed as further to confuse millions of workers and middle-class people who are already confused about the real social and political issues of today.

The film opens with a most superficial and theatrical (non-realistic) picture of a company-owned mine town in Pennsylvania. The miserable conditions are not revealed by the camera, but through some artificial dialogue rendered by the villain: a "radical" agitator. Later this agitator delivers a beautiful speech at a union meeting in true militant fashion against the labor fakers. Swell! But immediately the strike starts, he runs out on the workers. He is shown (this "radical" agitator) as a disruptive element in the employ of a strike-breaking detective agency. Then we are shown how the bosses hire these thugs to break the strike. But they are warned that there should be no rough stuff! "We only want you to protect our property!" But in the very next sentence he closes with the instruction that the "mine must be opened and kept open *no matter what happens!*" The strike was not brought about because of any basic issue, but because of a disruptive, "radical" agitator-racketeer; and because the hero's girl-friend runs off with a cop. During the period of strike there are scenes of Coal and Iron Police brutality. But! The brutal police are not of the regular C.I.P. force, but of the newly-recruited gangster force. The hero's best friend is murdered by a C.I.P. (deputy) thug and Paul Muni resolves to keep the men from giving in to the operators. He stages (of all things) a one-man strike, threatening to blow the mine to pieces if the bosses don't give in. But what are the conditions: not better working conditions, higher pay, etc., but to the pre-strike status. And as a closing note the N.R.A. steps in and assures the gentlemen of both sides that there was no real issue involved after all.

Thus, for every demagogic point the producers concede to labor, they turned around and give it two blows. As I've pointed out before, no real issues are presented. The characters are as unreal and unconvincing as if made of straw. And how anyone who has seen Pabst's *Kamaradschaft,* Pudovkin's *Mother* or the police-picket battles in his *Deserter* can call this an honest and exciting picture is beyond me. Watts, of The New York Herald Tribune, says that "even though it lacks the dramatic directness of *Waiting for Lefty* and *Black Pit,* it faces its problems with at least a recognition of their importance." But, Mr. Watts, it is just because it evades the basic issues, just because it refuses to recognize its problems, that *Black Fury* is demagogic, untrue, and malicious about the working class and therefore "lacks the dramatic directness" of those two plays.

PETER ELLIS.

The Dance

ANYONE who has attended the two latest dance recitals at the Civic Repertory Theatre—Tamiris and her group, March 31; New Dance League Solo recital, April 7—realizes that the left-wing dance movement is gaining in variety and interest. Although neither program as a whole attained the level of the first Revolutionary Solo Dance recital of last fall, each of them has brought forward certain positive contributions, even if sometimes intertwined with negative elements.

It is needless to discuss in detail six of the nine Tamiris numbers since these have been performed and reviewed frequently. Of the two suites, "Cycle of Unrest" remains the more direct, although the group dances "Work and Play" and "Camaraderie" are the best numbers, clearly designed and executed with ease. The group dance "Conflict" has verve and color, and despite its tendency toward oversimplified juxtaposition of the two warring groups, registers its message.

But Tamiris's descent into vagueness often blurs the meaning of her composition—her new "Mass Study" is badly marred by obscure passages. But in certain sections this group dance has extraordinary beauty — the opening tableau in particular has the dynamic quality one found in the "Inorganic" sculptures of pre-Hitler Germany. It remains for Tamiris to pursue fully her work with groups which is far more successful than her solo numbers. This should prove incomparably more rewarding than her glib recreations of sentimental-religious stuff ("Dirge") or the stereotyped pantomime of her "Three Negro Spirituals."

Of the seven artists on the New Dance League program, Fe Alf was by far the most impressive. In the three numbers of her "Cycle of the City" there were not merely a fresh design and a marked ability to sustain a theme, but disciplined imagination and technical ease. "Girl in Conflict" is simple, clear, powerful. With broad yet clean design she uses the entire stage. "Slavery" and "Degradation," discussed before in this column, upon second seeing remain striking realizations in choreographic terms of material essential to a vital revolutionary dance culture. Like Fe Alf, Lil Liandre is known to the dance audience as an artist of talent and promise. It is regrettable that her "Call," while well-conceived and executed, embodies a fatal cleavage: a revolutionary call in terms of pastoral-mythological material. Least impressive were Eleanor King and Rose Crystal. The former, though deft and pleasing, has a tendency to overstylize ("Mother of Tears"). The latter, while possessing an ability for light satire, offered little in the way of originality.

Ernestine Henoch, on the other hand, has both craftsmanship and imagination. Her mild satirical fragment "Valse" was performed with charm and precision, but in her second number there was ability of quite another kind. Beginning on a tense note, "Mother of Vengeance" grows swiftly into an object of sharp and militant power—and its composition is utterly clear.

Marie Marchowsky's "Agitation" added a fresh, bright variation on its theme, if in places equivocal. And Bill Maton's "Demagogue," with much skill and sharpness, spun a simple idea into a firm and incisive satire.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

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The Book Union

THE formation of the Book Union, a book club for the distribution of proletarian novels and poetry, Marxist classics hitherto unpublished and new Marxist works in the social sciences and history, is a much needed and overdue event. The capitalist publishing world is, of course, both incapable of providing and increasingly unwilling to further proletarian literature and Marxist thought even though these constitute the most vital developments in contemporary culture.

The average American bookshop offers a ludicrously incomplete stock. Current works of fiction, popular biographies, travel books, and such philosophical effusions as those of Walter B. Pitkin and Will Durant compose practically its entire catalog. It is a rare bookseller indeed who carries any proletarian novels of Marxist works, though there is a growing demand for them even on the part of many middle-class elements.

Obviously, a new publishing and distributive apparatus is now essential for the growth of revolutionary literature, and the Book Union is designed to fill this need. Drawing upon the experiences of the Theatre Union and the commercial book clubs, the Book Union will adapt their methods to working class needs. Instead of a large sum for a fixed number of books each year, a dollar membership fee entitles the subscriber to substantial discounts on the selected books, with one book free, as a dividend, for each four books purchased. In addition, Book Union members will receive lists and literary information to keep them in constant, immediate touch with proletarian literature.

The Book Union looks to working-class organizations for its support. Several labor unions, a chain of workers' schools, The International Workers' Order, The Friends of the Soviet Union and other organizations, some of them with memberships running into scores of thousands and with branches scattered all over the country, are making support of the Book Union a part of their program. THE NEW MASSES joins with them in the support of this project. It does so because it sees in the spread of the literature to which the Book Union will devote itself an arming of the working class with the same inspiration and knowledge as the magazine seeks to effect. It sees in the spread of this literature an effective aid in the fight against fascism. Finally, in the creation of a wide audience for proletarian writers and scholars, the Book Union can provide a stimulus to proletarian writers that should result in a great heightening and expansion of proletarian culture.

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Between Ourselves

JOSHUA KUNITZ'S article in this issue is the final chapter of his forthcoming volume on the Soviet Peoples of Central Asia, *Dawn over Samarkand,* scheduled for May publication by Covici-Friede.

A. B. Magil, our Detroit correspondent, has collected a good deal of his material on Father Coughlin into pamphlet form: *The Truth About Father Coughlin,* published by the Workers' Library Publishers, price 5c.

Among the other contributors to this issue are Edward Dahlberg, author of *Bottom Dogs, Those Who Perish,* and literary editor of the forthcoming magazine, Action; John Howard Lawson, author of *Processional, Success Story* and other plays; Edward Newhouse, author of *You Can't Sleep Here,* a first novel published last fall.

Many of our subscribers are complaining of delay in delivery of their copy. Many subscribers in Washington, D. C., Boston, Chicago, etc., claimed that they were receiving copies Tuesday and Wednesday, although the magazine was at that time being mailed every Friday.

We call our subscribers' attention to the fact that copies are now mailed Wednesday to most subscribers. If your copy comes late, you should make a complaint to your local postmaster in writing, send us a copy of the complaint and we will follow it up from this end.

New Masses Lectures

Friday April 19

James Casey, "The Role of the Press," at 1207 Kings Highway, Brooklyn. Auspices: Ernst Thaelmann Branch, I. W. O.

Sender Garlin, "The Inside Story of Huey P. Long," at 1373-43rd St., Brooklyn. Auspices: I.W.O. Branch Y 4.

Harry Carlisle, "Fascist Terror in California," People's Church 709 North 11th St., Milwaukee, Wis. Auspices: Writer's Group John Reed Club.

Ashley Pettis, "Modern Soviet Music," at 8:30 P. M. at 35 Hillhouse Ave., New Haven, Conn. Auspices: John Reed Club.

Sunday April 21

William E. Browder, "The Middle Class Must Choose," 2075-86th St., Brooklyn. Auspices: Branch 817 and 140, I. W. O. 8:30 P. M.

Benjamin Goldstein-Rabbi I. Weinstein, debate "Which Way Out for the Jew—Biro Bidjan or Palestine?" Herman Ridder High School, E. 173rd St. and Boston Road, Bronx, N. Y. 8:30 P. M.

Monday April 22

Harry Carlisle, "California, Home of Fascist Reaction," 8:30 P. M., 108 West Hancock, Detroit, Mich. Auspices: John Reed Club.

Thursday April 25

Sender Garlin, "The Inside Story of Huey P. Long," at Park Manor Hall, 32nd and Montgomery Sts., Phila., Pa., 8:30 P. M. Auspices: Philadelphia District, International Labor Defense.

DREISER'S LETTERS ON THE JEWS

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has aroused furious controversy and speculation

An Interview With Dreiser

and an editorial analysis of his actual stand on this important question will appear in

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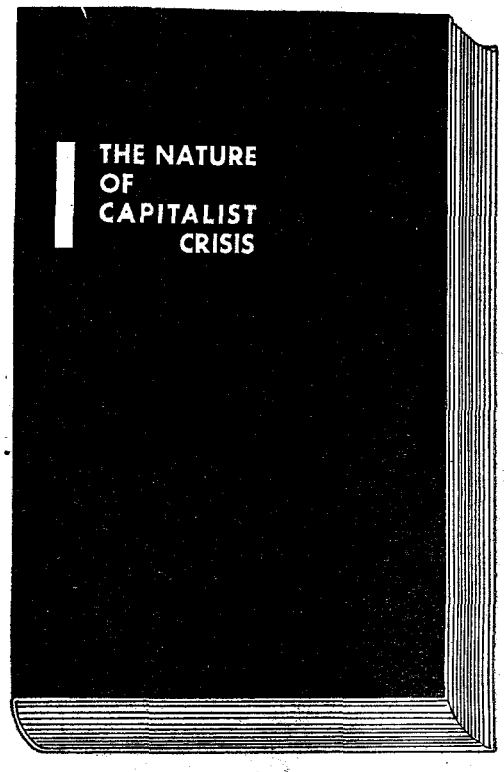

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